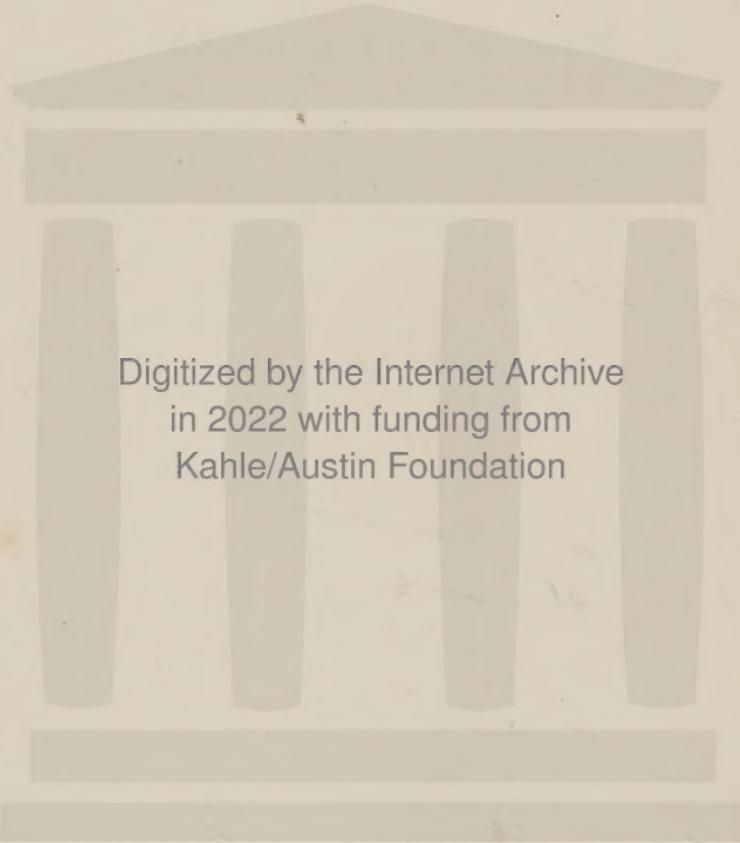


It Happened at ANDOVER

James C. Graham

William Reeves.

IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/ithappenedatando0000unse>

IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER

WELL, MOST OF IT DID, ANYWAY

BY
JAMES CHANDLER GRAHAM



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY JAMES C. GRAHAM
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Dedicated to
the thousands of boys
whom I have known and taught
at the old school*

CONTENTS

THE UNAPPRECIATED	
THE TRANSFORMATION	14
THE RINGER	32
A NEW BOY	48
THE INFIRMARY	61
THE FOREIGN-BORN	72
FISH	85
A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE	99
THE SPORT	113
PARENTS	125
THE SPY	138
THE LANDLADY	155
AN AFFAIRE DU CŒUR	173
A RELATION	185
THE EVOLUTION OF A STAR	193
THE MANAGER	210
TAKING A CHANCE	234
THE MARK	246
THE VAMP	257

IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER

..

THE UNAPPRECIATED

It was a warm June afternoon. If it had been an advance lesson it might not have been so bad. But it was review, and there was no interest in it. Not that many of them knew it. But they had been over it all before, and any little curiosity which they might once have had in regard to the relations of certain lines and angles had long since passed away. Flies, and occasionally bees and wasps, floated in through the opened windows, buzzed around for a few minutes and then blundered out again. But they aroused no interest. For the first few days of their appearance they had been used as an excuse for disturbance and disorder. But even the busy bee cannot be kept eternally busy in the one rôle. A slight odor of smoke was in the air; but not enough

to justify an exaggerated fear of fire. Somebody was always burning leaves, and nobody could pretend to mistake the odor of the leaves for the odor of a burning brick building. Buck considered that possibility and gave it up as useless. Then he thought he would try if the odor of a burning match would be noticed. It was not. He thought of trying the odor of burning cloth and looked appraisingly at the suit of the boy in front of him. But it was a new spring suit and seemed to be worth more than the candle. Then he tried heating a cent with the match-flame to see how hot he could make it. That hurt him a little, for he was holding it in his fingers. But with the pain came knowledge and inspiration. He balanced the coin on a broken blade of his knife and by means of two matches was able to heat it quite hot. He thought of letting it roll along the floor and watching some one pick it up. Then the really great idea came to him. Working with the utmost caution he succeeded in dropping the cent inside of the collar of the unsuspecting youth in front of him. At first he

was disappointed; but only for a second or two. With the yell of an Apache Indian, Jimmie leaped from his seat. Even the class was hushed into silence and did not join in the uproar.

Mac regarded the cause of the interruption.
“Humbird, what’s the matter?”

“I think a wasp got down my —”

But before the sentence was finished there came another yell. The coin had shaken to a new position.

“There’s two of them, sir!”

That did not seem probable. Mac’s thumb began to shake backward and outward.
“Humbird, Humbird; leave the room.”

The thumb was not pointed down; but the gesture was understood. Jimmie went. Then Buck laughed. Again the fatal thumb wagged. But this time the voice said, “Stuart, Stuart; leave the room.”

“What did I do?”

“I don’t know what you did; but you did it.”

And all the time the thumb wagged on.

4 IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER

Buck, with as much of an early-Christian-martyr expression as could be forced upon a face not naturally adapted to the part, left.

Buck found Jimmie in the hall. Jimmie was engaged in clutching a portion of his trousers in such a way as to keep the coin from further contact with his skin. He had managed to shake it down within his reach. His face expressed both pain and pleasure.

“What in the devil did you do that for?
That’s my eighth.”

“Mine, too. Let’s go down to Pomp’s.”

The thought of the cool water of the pond seemed to soothe Jimmie. The fact that they had both received their eighth mark, and so were “canned” anyway, made it possible for them to take the Phillips Street route instead of the more secluded one through the woods. But habit was strong. They took the woods path. There was a wasps’ nest hanging on one of the trees; but it was passed with a grin. It was the custom for some one always to sneak a little ahead when the crowd went down and indicate to the wasps that there was a good

time coming. But the coin had played the part of the wasps for the day and they were left undisturbed. Jimmie had hopes; but they were in vain.

The swim did not last long. Though the day was warm, the water was not, and so most of the time was spent lying upon the sand and talking it over. They were able to trace the course of the penny along Jimmie's skin. Buck did the tracing, as the path was dorsal. He informed the interested Jimmie that though the line was not continuous, there were points enough to plot the curve. This he proceeded to do; at first along the skin, and then upon a sketch of Jimmie drawn upon the sand. That exhausted the subject and they began to dress.

"What are you going to do about it, Buck?"

"Wire dad for money to get home and take my exams there. I know a bully tutor who lives near us."

"But no college will let you in if you're fired from here."

Buck laughed. "I guess if I put on my football sweater they'll try me for a time. That counts two points at any college we'd want to go to. You'd better try it too."

"Not on a day like this. I'd rather stay out."

And so they loafed along up the hill. At its top they parted; for though they spent most of their time together, they ate at different "joints." Without mentioning the fact, each knew that he would find the other at Chap's later in the evening.

When Jimmie arrived he found Buck engaged in a sputtering protest against the amount of Chap's bill. Buck was protesting that though double entry was all right, it was not all right to charge up the whole bill to each of four fellows when they ate together. That was quadruple entry. The argument waxed warm; the remarks became personal. Finally Buck laid a bill and a few coins on the counter, remarking, "That's about right. Let's see you collect the rest," kicked Jimmie as a sign that it was time to go, knocked his

pipe ashes on the floor as a sign to Chap that he was through with him, and left.

“Did he stick you much?” a prep asked the bearded proprietor.

“Boy, I was in this business before Buck was born!”

As a foretaste of their expected freedom, they smoked in their room that night; but there was no pleasure in it. The “Goat” was out and did not catch them at it. They felt injured. They had been robbed of the chance to put one on him. And it was their last night. Something must be done.

It was.

Jimmie started downtown and Buck went up into the attic. The attic is divided into little locker-rooms so that each pair of boys may have a place in which to store their trunks, broken and discarded furniture, and the like. As it was near the end of the year there was a large stock from which to choose. Two chairs, a bowl, and a wash-pitcher were carefully selected. The chairs were placed seat to seat and loosely fastened together. They

were next carried out to the stair-well and ingeniously supported by a cord, one end of which was fastened to the banister. The bowl and pitcher were nicely balanced on the top and filled with all the small articles which were at hand. Buck even descended to the subterranean regions and brought up some coal which he added to the collection. He then blew out the two lanterns which feebly illuminated the halls and went back to his room with the consciousness of duty done.

Jimmie returned puffing. He had been chased. He had got almost to Taylor Cottage when a form had suddenly emerged from the shadow and started toward him. He dodged around the building, but could hear that he was still being followed. He struck across the fields and down toward the woods at an easy jog, feeling sure that he could soon wind any of the teachers; but he failed to gain. He increased his pace; but still he could not increase his lead. The thing was getting serious. He ran as he had not run since the football

season ended: and was overhauled before he could reach the woods.

“Jimmie, you’re out of training. You ought to have beaten me to the woods with the handicap I gave you.”

It was Jack Cates, captain of both football and track teams. Jimmie’s humiliation was lessened, but his supply of breath was not increased by the revelation. He spent what little he had telling Jack what he thought of him. Then he and Jack walked back together, while he explained the past and future doings of the day. But Jack could not join the party. He had still a race before him and could not break training by sitting up so late. So Jimmie panted up the stairs alone and deposited his rescued package on the table.

An hour later the front door of the cottage was heard to open and then that of the teacher’s room. Buck, already in his pajamas, at once went across the hall.

“Good-evening, sir. Can you give me the correct time? My watch has stopped and Humbird’s is n’t any good anyway.”

The last was an unnecessary lie. But Jimmie was rather proud of a new watch and it was an opportunity to curb the sin of pride. It was one of the few types of opportunity which Buck was always eager to accept.

The watch was set and Buck went back to his room, having established the fact that he was in, and about to go to bed. Surely he could not be suspected of any later disturbance.

An hour passed. Light after light was blown out. Windows were raised and doors slammed. Then all was quiet.

Buck's door softly opened. A chunky shadow glided up the stairs. Another longer piece of cord was added to the piece above and its end brought down to the floor below. A smaller form appeared and knelt before the teacher's door. Then both figures glided back into the room, the door was almost closed, the cord was jerked, and — No such noise had ever been heard before: and to break the record of more than a hundred years of noise-makers is some triumph. As the chairs struck

the first banister they separated. One fell straight to the bottom of the pit. The other caromed from side to side, prolonging its descent and increasing its noise. The pitcher and bowl, spilling their loads as they went, sounded mightily. The coal, golf-sticks, and sundries, each did their part; some fell through the well, while others rolled slowly, but still noisily, down the stairs. And the success was not merely local. It was heard even in the neighboring dormitories.

Naturally everybody in Taylor Cottage was aroused. They rushed into the halls. Buck and Jimmie, tactfully, were neither among the first nor the last of those who appeared. They occupied a neutral, middle position. But the "Goat" was not so tactful. With a bound he was out of his bed and into the hall with the hope of capturing the disturbers of the peace red-handed. As he landed in the hall his feet struck something soft and sticky. He tried to kick it off; but it flopped up onto his legs. As his feet went down again, they seemed but to increase their load. They became en-

12 IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER

tangled. He tripped. He almost fell. At last lights began to appear; lights held by eager boys, their faces curiously illuminated. And so was the "Goat"; physically and mentally. Adhering to the lower part of his frame was sheet upon sheet of tanglefoot fly-paper. Jimmie told me later that he had only bought a dozen sheets; but it looked like ten times that amount, and they were nearly a hundred per cent efficient.

The "Goat" retired to his room. It would not have been seemly to hold court in such a costume. Buck later described him as "pap-p-p-pilionaceous." It was one of the few botanical terms which had made a lasting impression upon him.

Of course Buck and Jimmie left the next day. They stopped to say good-bye to the Principal. They told him that they had decided to tutor for the rest of the year and each was armed with a telegram from his father giving consent to such a plan. Also each had received the necessary money by wire. As no reports of the episodes of the previous day

had as yet been received at the office, there seemed to be nothing very remarkable in the sudden withdrawal.

Instinctively, however, the Principal asked, "Stuart, how is it that you and Mr. McCurdy never seem to be able to get along together?"

"Oh, he's all right: only I don't think that he appreciates my style of humor."

"How do you like your house-officer?"

"I like him all right: but Jimmie thinks he is kind o' stuck-up at times. I reckon Jimmie's more to blame for it than he is."

Jimmie snorted: and then they left.

THE TRANSFORMATION

IN one of his most interesting novels Conrad has developed the idea that chance, blind chance, is one of the most potent factors in the lives of men; that while we may have done certain things and had certain definite aims, yet the where-we-are and the what-we-are have been more determined by the accidents of life than by our many careful plannings. Take the case of your wife as an example. How came it that that particular lady occupies that particular position? It certainly was not of your planning. Until you met her, your mind had never pictured such a paragon of all things good. You did not plan to meet her, nor did she plan to meet you. It was chance which threw you together. And the probabilities are that it was also chance which put you in your present position and even in your present house of habitation. Of course you always intended to practice medicine, or teach Greek, or live in New York. But did

you intend to practice or teach just that particular phase of the subject upon which you are now engaged; and did you intend to live in that particular apartment house the model of which had not been invented when you began your planning? The answer is obvious.

Yet we do do the “rough-hewing” of a good many of “our ends”; and in this day of “Young America” (our fathers thought that it was their day too) one of the most important decisions which we have to make is as to the choice of our school and college. So we at Andover have become accustomed to asking each new applicant for admission to the school, “Why did you select Phillips Academy?” I confess that I think the question is asked more from curiosity than from any desire to make future use of the acquired information. We naturally wish to know how the prophet is regarded by those without; but it is really the unexpectedness of the answers which gives them their interest; and chance, quite as often as purpose, figures as the cause.

One boy came to us from Texas. During

the preliminary inquisition it developed that on a ranch down in his native State he had run across a Beadle's half-dime novel, the hero of which had begun his career of impossible adventure in Phillips Academy. "Texas," as our boy was immediately dubbed, had been fired by an ambition to attend the same school. So he had saved his wages and, with no other knowledge of us than that acquired from this absurd source, had journeyed the whole length of the country to enter this particular school. As well as I remember it, his scholastic course was not a marked success. But he added to the extra-curriculum instruction of the school in a most astonishing manner. He was an adept in certain styles of boxing and fighting, and it came to be a "school custom," a "*tradition*," to have "mills pulled off" in one of the local livery stables, where his rôle of participant or referee was always a prominent one. He was also an expert in the gentle art of surrendering the revolver with a neat little twist so as to shoot the gentleman to whom it was surrendered.

Though he may have been a failure as a student, his success in arousing interest in boys whom he instructed was such that it might well have been the cause of envy on the part of those whose positions as instructors received more official recognition. However, I do not think that "envy" was the cause of his going. I am not sure, as it is more than twenty years since he shed his light upon us; but I think that his departure was in some way connected with the prohibition wave which has since swept over the country, though at that time it was little more than a ripple.

In an organization as old as Phillips Academy, heredity has been an important factor in determining the nature of its parts. In the course of nearly a hundred and fifty years an educational institution accumulates an appalling number of alumni and the number of their progeny is unbelievable. They come to us unto the third and fourth generation; for though the natural schoolboy hatred for the teacher may exist for a time, it does not

rankle long. The man who was "fired" from the school in his own youth cheerfully sends his son back to us a quarter of a century or more later with the realization that he himself had deserved his fate and the hope that his son will fare better. These boys come into the school as into their own. They have heard Andover talked all their lives and already feel that they are acquainted with their instructors. They will stop after their first recitation and tell you who they are, and bring some word of remembrance from those who have gone before. Occasionally they are not altogether tactful in their greetings. If some of us are deluding ourselves with the belief that we are still young, they hold the mirror up to us in such a way that there is no denying the image. If your pride in your youth is great, just so much greater will be your fall. One of us had been teaching here but a mere twenty years when he was somewhat startled by having a boy ask him at the close of an instruction hour, "Did you teach my father when he was here, sir?"

“I do not think that I remember him. When did he graduate?”

“He was in the class of '85, sir.”

Now in the year 1885 this particular instructor had not yet begun to study the subject which he later taught. In fact he did not enter college until some years after that date. So hiding his chagrin as well as he could, he replied, “I do not think that he was in any of my classes.”

“Perhaps you had my grandfather, sir. He was here too.”

From that day on this teacher ceased to wear pale pink neckties.

If the causes which determine the comings of the boys to Andover are varied, so also are their purposes. Some of them come to “make” athletic teams; some to “make” other crowds which will help them in the college days to come; some to get a preliminary weaning from the home before they enter into the greater freedom of the college life; some to study and gain knowledge; and some to get out of the habit of study. Certain individuals

achieve success in each of these ways; to obtain success in all is impossible.

George Crawley entered the school in September, 1908. His father brought him, made the necessary arrangements for his entrance, and left him with a feeling of relief. As he left he remarked to the Principal: "I want him humanized. Nothing would please me more than to have him expelled for loafing or disorder or anything but gross immorality."

When you looked at the boy you felt inclined to sympathize with the father in his somewhat unusual desires. He was curiously bulbous-headed. He wore enormously thick eyeglasses which seemed to magnify his protruding eyes and with his peculiar hair and complexion gave a suggestion of owls and midnight-oil and other unpleasant things. We of the faculty felt that we had at last acquired a specimen of that *rara avis*, so well known in college literature, but absolutely unknown in the college classroom, the "greasy grind."

Crawley roomed alone. As a matter of fact he roomed alone from necessity, as he had been so late in entering that he had no choice in the matter. But one of the boys of the middle class of the previous year had surprised himself, and still more his teachers, by getting into college that fall, and hence there was a single room vacant, and it was given to the one on the waiting list whose credentials were the most laudatory. When the credentials were read there was no doubt as to who should have the room. The records of his scholarship and morality were not inspiring; they were depressing. We of the teaching force were fearful of our own vast ignorance, when we thought of being called upon to teach one who had never received any mark lower than one hundred and upon whose astonishing record appeared such marks as 104 and 106 per cent. We had never had the power or the opportunity to give such marks as these. And the school minister was forced to blush as he thought of his own comparative imperfections. But if the boy could have

chosen in regard to his room there is no doubt that he would have chosen to be alone; and it is equally certain that no boy in the school would have opposed his desire. No normal boy could long endure the awful solemnity expressed by that owl-like face.

For the first two months of his stay in Andover Crawley's classroom work was monotonously perfect. On his examination papers everything which was in the textbook and everything which had been said in class upon the subject of the questions was reproduced, and usually in a better form than that in which it had been presented. Not only that, but information from outside sources was added, so that at last we began to understand the meaning of the more-than-perfect marks. If a boy gave correctly all that he had been asked to give and then improved upon and expanded that information, he surely was entitled to more than a perfect grade. That at least must have been the line of reasoning of his previous teachers. But our system had not provided for any such achievement, and

we were forced to content ourselves and him by a row of “A +” marks.

There were times when his vast fund of knowledge retarded rather than accelerated the progress of the class. He would discuss some obscure derivation of the word “chemistry” with all the eagerness of a philologist, or state and explain the various exceptions to some law of physics in a way vastly to confuse those members of the class who were having all that they could do to grasp the meaning of the law in its most simplified form. There was scarcely a page in the textbook, surely not a chapter, the English of which he would not have changed. And the aggravating part of it all was that his every change would have been a change for the better.

As it was in the classroom, so it was in the church. He had not been in Andover a month before he had called upon the school minister and explained to him most carefully, definitely and truthfully, in just what particulars the service was not in accord with the prescribed church forms, and some of the evils

which were bound to result from such laxity. Conscious of his own ignorance in regard to the minutiae of the service, the minister looked up the various points which had been under criticism and found that the boy had been right in every particular. Again the aggravation. The Owl was never wrong.

Then came the Exeter football game. For some unknown reason the Owl decided to leave his books and attend the game. It would not seem that such a decision could be very far-reaching in its effects; but in reality it was the most important decision which he had made in his thus-far perfect life. At some moment of excitement in the game he ceased to think and began to *feel*. It was afterward related that he was even heard to yell. Be that as it may, from that day on his life was altered. Of course habit and previously acquired information made it impossible for him to fall below an "A" in his studies. But his attitude toward them and toward his fellows had completely changed. He left his books and sought for more human compan-

ionship. Naturally he was not welcomed. Before, he had been simply unknown to the rest of the school except as some of them saw him in the classroom; and his performances there were not such as to make him of interest to them. But now he became positively disliked. He could not "mix"; and his uncouth attempts so to do were distinct failures. He was a "gloom," and as such was distinctly and undisguisedly avoided.

Later I learned that at about this time he had gone to one of the boys in the school who had achieved an undue popularity, and had asked him the secret of his success. The real cause of the success had been, first, a certain prominence acquired by his position as the star member of the football team; and second, a tactful skill in leaving undone those things which he ought to have done and doing those things which he ought not to have done, in a pleasing manner. Harry himself was not quite conscious as to what his popularity was due; but he did realize some of the failings of the Owl and proceeded to explain

them to him and to give him advice as to how to overcome them. The gist of his advice was to "quit grinding and raise the devil."

The Owl had already "quit grinding" and he now proceeded to "raise the devil." As a preliminary step toward the performance of this mystic rite, he changed his room, moving to one of the smaller houses where a room had recently been vacated. He knew that the stratum of unpopularity beneath which he had buried himself in his first environment was too deep to permit of easy removal; and also, that, in general, the smaller the population, the greater the intimacy in any community.

The house to which he moved was in charge of a lady who regarded all boys as devils; and the Owl did nothing to shake her faith. He could be found at any hour in any room but his own. And where he was, quiet ceased to be. If reminded that it was study-hours, he had always failed to hear the bell. As a counter to this argument, Mrs. Meriden hit upon the apparently safe expedient of ring-

ing her own doorbell at the hour when the evening quiet was supposed to begin. There was no doubt that this alarm was heard. With the first peal pandemonium broke loose. Every boy in the house rushed from room to room, each yelling "Fire!!" at the top of his lungs. Windows were thrown open and furniture was thrown out. Blazing newspapers were kicked around the rooms. And the most devilish devil of them all was the Owl. No yells could equal his. No room gave such a perfect imitation of primordial chaos as did his. Considering the fact that Mrs. Meriden had a natural, feminine timidity in regard to fires, her method of insuring quiet could not be looked upon as a success. The experiment was not repeated.

The failure of one experiment may suggest another. It did in this case. But it was the Owl who was the recipient of the suggestion. The next night about ten o'clock there was another cry of "Fire!" From her sitting-room window Mrs. Meriden could plainly see the light as it flickered on the trees outside.

Rushing out into the yard she could see masses of flame coming from the chimney; and perched upon the ridge-pole was the Owl, yelling lustily, and industriously poking the bits of paper as they fell upon the roof. The poking made them burn more brightly. But one or two old newspapers would not last forever, and soon the Owl was forced to come down and explain to Mrs. Meriden that he did not want her to thank him for saving the house. He loved to do that sort of thing.

Though his scholarship was still of a high grade, his attitude toward his work and toward his instructors was not what it had been before. Formerly it had been one of critical attention to the matter in hand. He was still critical and to a certain extent attentive, but from different motives. The object of all his many interruptions and discussions was now simply to waste time and befuddle the class, and when possible, the instructor, with all sorts of paradoxes. His knowledge of chemistry found immediate application in the manufacture of “loaded” chalk, which exploded in

the hand of the innocent user and concealed mixtures which evolved their loathsome odors in the classrooms and in the dormitory. His knowledge of physics assisted him in the cunning location of mirrors which, apparently of their own volition, would reflect the rays of the sun into the eyes of the teachers, and in a curious wiring of the bathroom which produced startling results upon the users thereof.

Of course our knowledge of Crawley's genius did not reach its full development till some time after he had left us. Then the other boys began to tell of the things which he had done and of the things which he had planned to do. If but one half of what they told were true, he surely deserved his niche in the Hall of Fame; or the antithesis of it. But it took some time to convince the faculty that it could be Crawley who was making both the day and the night, the morning and the evening, hideous to them. Had he localized his efforts he might have continued unknown and unrecognized for months. But that is what he would not do. As purposefully as

Kenelm Chillingly had learned to box, George Crawley had attacked the problem of becoming a school celebrity in other ways than that made possible by scholarship, and a "school celebrity" meant something more than being known in his own dormitory and his own classrooms. Hence the appearance within and without the chapel, in most conspicuous places, of articles of utility not generally exposed to public view. Everybody had to go to chapel. Everybody began to bow to this "unknown god."

The fall came at last.

One of the teachers had missed the last train from Boston to Andover and in a moment of inspired extravagance had hired a taxi to bring him out. As he glanced toward the chapel he noticed a flicker of light. Being of an inquiring mind and also having been a teacher for many years, he proceeded to investigate. The investigation revealed Crawley laboriously engaged in an attempt to remove a tablet which had been placed in the front of the chapel to commemorate the services of

one of the previous school dignitaries and to substitute for it a colored lithograph of a too-scantly attired young lady of ballet-troupe fame.

George was asked to go.

In honor of the father, let it be said that he appreciated all that we had done for the boy. His letter, in answer to the one announcing to him that his son had been dismissed, was entirely commendatory and enclosed a considerable addition to our library endowment.

Personally, I wish that we could have kept the boy. At its best, there is n't much excitement in a teacher's life.

THE RINGER

FOREWORD

A FEW days ago I received a letter from the Editor of —— asking me to send him an account of the most interesting football game which I had ever witnessed. The request pleased me. I have been an observer and coach of the game for more than thirty years; but I did not know that my fame was abroad in the land. Being pleased, I wrote that I would try to let him have it within the next few weeks; and in the meantime started a mental review of the great games which I had witnessed. And then came the difficulty. What did he mean by “interesting”? Did he mean from the point of view of a coach or of a layman? A game may be made interesting by its closeness, or by some phenomenal run, or by perfect team work, or by great generalship. I wrote for more light. The answer, though not illuminating, was at least helpful.

“We do not care. We want a description of the most interesting game, incident, or thing connected with your *football* career.” And then I remembered that I had already written just the kind of an article which was desired. The game with which it was concerned had taken place some fifteen years ago; but the incident had so impressed me at the time that I had sat up and written out an account of it as soon as I got home; but I had never published it. The thing was too personal to put in print. But now after the fifteen years of desuetude it may be given to the world. If it is seen by any of those with whom it deals, they will smile at having their memories revived. I noticed in last week’s paper that Gay was “over there,” still entertaining.

With but one or two minor changes, the story is printed precisely as it was written then.

WHEN I woke up this morning I was surely between the two stacks of hay. I wanted to go in to the Yale-Harvard game; and then I

did n't. I knew a lot of the fellows on both teams. But then it is such an awful mess getting out to Cambridge on the day of a big game that it seemed hardly worth while. Riff, the Yale captain, was the last straw; or perhaps the last spear of hay would be better. I had been with him in his early, prep-school, football days, and he called me up on the 'phone and wanted me to be sure to come; would leave side-line tickets for me at the Touraine; and in other ways made it impossible for me to refuse. I had another ticket also waiting for me at the Touraine. So altogether it looked as though I had better go.

Well, I have been; and have had one of the most astonishing days of my life. That is the reason that I am sitting up now writing it all out so that none of it can get away from me during the night. In the morning I might not believe that it was so. The whole thing gets more improbable every minute.

Never mind about my getting out to the game. It was unpleasant; but it was finally accomplished. I arrived with both of my tick-

ets, and having been on the side-lines before, knew better than to go there again, as now that I was at the field I wanted to see all of the game that I could. My other seat was well up toward the top and would enable me to follow the game on any part of the field. Fortunately I saw nobody whom I knew near me and settled down to enjoy the game as an exhibition of fine football rather than from a partisan point of view.

You can read all about the game in to-morrow's paper. That did not furnish *the* interest of the day to me. It was a chance meeting with the most astonishing man whom I have ever met that is keeping me up at this late hour.

In front of me sat three men any of whom would have been noticeable from the elegance of his apparel; but one of them was most conspicuously elegant, with just a touch of the "sporty." At the break between the halves there was considerable discussion among them as to the relative merits of the different brands of whiskey with which they were provided. It

was then that the one who had already most impressed himself upon me, made a remark that again drew my attention to him. "Gentlemen," he said with an air of absolute finality, as he drew a heavy silver flask from his beaver-lined coat, "*all* whiskey is good whiskey." I felt that I had not come in vain. Well, I had n't, as far as one drink was concerned. But it did not end there. On the way out he and his friends became separated; while the kind fates, to the number of some thousands, forced him and me into closer acquaintance, which by the time we had reached the gates had become almost a friendship. I had lost all chance of catching the 5:14, and he apparently had no interest in catching any train; so we strolled on toward the bridge together. Wishing to make some return for his recent courtesy, I suggested that we drop into the Algonquin Club and get a bite or two, and there enjoy any frivolity which the time and the occasion might provide. He agreed; and so we found a quiet (comparatively) table and sat us down to rest and talk

it over; for he also knew something of the game.

He appeared lost in thought for a few minutes, and then, leaning forward, said, "Did you notice anything peculiar about the Harvard full-back?"

I had n't; and said so.

"About the length of his arms," he added.

I thought that they might have been a little longer than most arms; but did n't think that they had been very noticeable. I believe that I said something about Rob Roy.

"That's it. I reckon he was all right; but it reminded me of a 'ringer' with whom I once played."

(I noted the "reckon" as indicating a Southern origin.)

And then he went on, and in a reminiscent, almost dreamy, sort of way related the following.

"It was before I went to college. It was when I was a senior in the high school. But it was n't a regular high-school team. We had a sort of club. Most of the active members

were in the high school. But a lot of the graduates still belonged to it and there was a lot of the fellows who had never been to any high school. It was more of an athletic crowd than anything else and I was captain of the football team. We had had a pretty good season and were going to end up with a game with a team from a similar club in a neighboring town. Well, we were n't very strict about such things down there, and I was sort of gunning for anybody I could get who would increase our chances of winning. It was all right. They were doing the same thing; only they were making the better bag. Then I happened to run across one of our old town-boys. He had been away to sea for a year or two; but Van had been a star in his day, which was not so very far back, and I felt that he would help lots. At first he refused to get interested. Then he began to grin. Finally he said, 'I don't care much about getting banged to pieces in your old game. But I've got something staying with me at the house which 'way outclasses me. Gee! You should see him carry the ball.

He makes me look like a scow. But he won't stand for all this practice business. He's on shore for awhile and is not going to make it any hardship. I tell you what I'll do. I'll get him to play if you'll let us out of the practice. Oh, I'll come up one day and learn some of your signals and get a line on your style of game. But there is no use in trying to get him to do even that. I'll tell him all that he needs to know and I can tip him off the signals during the game.'

"'You and your star will be a great help, won't you?' I replied. 'I take it that neither of you has been in a regular game for a year; and here you are asking to be taken onto the team without any practice. How long do you think you'll last?'

"'That is n't the worst of it,' Van continued. 'Neither of us will play more than five minutes anyway. Suppose we leave it this way. You say that you are up against something better than you are. We'll be on the field; and if it looks as though you might pull it off with a little help, call us in. If either of you gets a

big lead, we can't help you much. But I'll bet you ten or twenty or fifty that Jock makes a touchdown the first time that you give him the ball. I'll do better than bet. If he does, there's nothing doing: if he does n't, I'll set the team up to the best feed that they have had this year.'

"I did n't see how I could lose by the proposition; and so I said that he was 'on' and let it go at that. But I did not expect to use them.

"I saw Van for only about ten minutes till the day of the game. He came up to the field one day, took a few notes on the signals, and asked to be run through a couple of end-plays with us. Then he remarked that he had had enough and strolled off, while some of the coaches 'jollied' me about my 'find.' His friend I never saw till he came on the field near the end of the game.

"Well, the game was not anything remarkable except for the fact that our boys played a good bit better than they knew how. The other fellows scored once in the first half; but

it was only a safety. In the second, things seemed to be coming our way. And then something struck our kicking-half. Not a punt could he get off. They were n't blocked. He simply could n't kick. One of his punts went straight up into the air and fell behind his own line. We had just made a play which carried us 'way over to our side-line and one of our fellows bowled over into our subs. When he came back and before we had lined up again, he whispered to me with a grin, 'Van says that it is about time that you gave them a chance.' I glanced over to where they were standing and saw the two of them there, apparently wrapped in all of the blankets of the team. Van waved to me. I waved back; and so in the very next play both of our backs were laid out and had to be carried to the side-lines. Van and his friend ambled onto the field.

"Van looked queer; but his friend had the blamedest form for a human being that I had ever seen. He was all togged-out with head-gear and pads and straps and things so that

you could n't see just how much of him was man. But the arms were the thing which caught my eye. They looked twice as long as ordinary arms. That is why that fellow this afternoon made me think of him.

“Well, it was no time for personal criticism. Van told me to signal the center to pass the ball to his mate, gave him a few directions, and the play was on. As soon as the ball was passed, Van, who was playing 'way wide, yelled, 'Take it, Jock,' and dashed ahead as though he himself had the ball with a clear field. Every ten yards he would let a curious yell out of him. But Jock was the surprise. The pass was a bad one. It was much too high. Maybe the center got his first sight of the freak as he shot the ball back. Without an effort Jock leaped a couple of feet into the air, caught the ball, and started after Van. Fast, yes; but such a gait I never saw. He ran low and leaned forward so far that it looked as though he must fall on his face. But when his balance seemed completely lost, that long, free arm of his would go down, catch him, and

he would be going on again faster than before. Their end tried to tackle him. One swipe of that awful arm simply threw him out of the play. The full tried a flying dive. Jock leaped over him, clearing him by feet rather than inches. And then he and Van were between the goal-posts yelling 'down.' With their yell sounded the whistle. The game was won whether we got the goal or not. I pretended to try for it. But only a few of each team were left on the field and I kicked the ball just two feet, making sure that we would have the trophy.

"Thucydides would have appreciated that.

"The dressing-room where our fellows were was a curious sight. Van and Jock furnished most of the sight; but the rest of the team by the expressions on their faces helped some. As I looked at the couple I understood much that had gone before: the lack of practice, the five minutes of play, the unusual amount of togs, and the wonderful run. I do not know what particular kind he was; but Van's 'friend' was some kind of a blamed monkey!"

The team were at first inclined to be a bit sore. They thought that when the thing was known the laugh would be on them. But Van's grin got them. He saw no reason for anybody's knowing anything about it; got us all to swear not to give the thing away for ten years; said he and Jock were going back to the ship the next day; and finally clinched the thing by saying that he had ordered the dinner for the team and that it was about ready.

“Later he told me the history of the beast, who, by the way, attended the banquet as a member of the team. He had picked it up over in Africa and the crew had had a great time teaching it tricks and games. One of the games was to bring anything which he was given to his master; and so it had not been much of a stunt to coach him for the one play.”

He stopped, and sat puffing silently on his cigar.

“And did you all keep your promise not to give the thing away for the ten years?” I asked.

He smiled. "It is more than ten years," he said, "since I graduated from college, and this is the first time that I have ever told the story. I saw Van a year or two ago. He had heard nothing of it." He mused again for a few minutes and I did not disturb his dreams of the past. Suddenly as a man going by nodded to him, he said, "Ah, there goes Rod Brown. He lives out my way and I reckon that I had better run along with him. Hope we'll meet again some day. Good-night."

And he was gone.

As I sat awhile finishing my cigar, Leddy Smith strolled over and asked me if I'd had a good time.

"Fine," I answered.

"In good form, was he?"

"Yes; who is he?"

"Good Lord, man; don't you know him? That was Mark Gay, commonly known as 'Gay Mark, the Sporting Parson.'"

I smiled. "'Sporting' all right; but 'parson' — never!"

“Well, he is; and has one of the biggest churches around Boston.”

“Do you mean to tell me that that man *preaches*?”

“Not only preaches, but fills the church. He has a sermon on ‘The Burial of Moses’; and if it is known that he is going to preach it anywhere, there is standing-room only. He usually preaches it when some church wants a big collection and some one always sees to it that the public is informed in advance. I’ve heard it. You can just see the angels and hear the voice of the Lord. His ‘bug’ is that he thinks that a parson ought to live and act like other men and that other men ought to live and act more like parsons. Oh, he does his part all right. I don’t know that he breaks any of the Commandments violently; but I imagine that if he thought that he was getting a reputation for too much piety, he would nick some of them. His specialty is lying. He has a theory that lying is a fine art; and he both practices and defends it. He claims that as long as a lie does not hurt any one and is

not told for personal profit, it is just as praiseworthy as a written story or a novel. Some of his are."

"Was what he told me just now a lie?"

"I don't know what he told you; but I'm sure it was a lie."

"Well, I am —" and there I stopped.

Leddy took a small one with me and I started for home.

I am going to look that man up. I may even go to hear him preach some day.

A NEW BOY

“WOULD you have any objection to my occupying this seat?”

The train was just pulling out of Boston. The speaker was a boy of an age somewhere between fifteen and twenty. When you looked into his face you were startled by the simple innocence of it. As to dress and deportment, and especially as to language, the boy seemed nearer the upper limit; but the face was absolutely guileless and you at once decided on the lesser age.

The old gentleman who had been addressed looked up hastily and, seeing but a boy, answered a little sharply, “Can’t you find any other vacant seat in the car?”

“All the other seats seemed to be partly occupied by ladies; and I thought that rather than disturb them, it would be better for me to disturb a — gentleman.”

There was just the slightest pause before the last word was uttered. It was so slight,

however, that the man addressed was not sure that it was intended, and a glance at the boy's face convinced him that it was not. So he pushed his bag onto the floor and made room for the boy with the same feelings we have often had under similar circumstances.

The boy sat quietly looking out of the window. Once he consulted his watch and once he examined a time-table with the evident purpose of finding out when he would reach his destination. As the conductor came through the car the boy pulled a ticket from his pocket and handed it to him. The old gentleman was not quite so prompt. He reached into one pocket and drew out a book of tickets. Then from another pocket he drew a mileage book, and as he handed them both to the conductor he remarked, "Ticket to Reading; mileage from there to Andover."

The boy's interest was aroused. "Do you mind telling me," he said, "why you use two tickets?"

"It saves about fifteen cents a trip; and it is n't very much bother."

The conductor, a little irritated at having had to wait for the two books, here broke in: "It's games like that that are ruining the Boston and Maine Railroad."

The old gentleman flushed and started to say something; but before he could do it the boy again addressed him.

"Do you know, I wonder if it is as much these 'games' as the impoliteness and impertinence of the employees that cause the trouble."

The remark was made with such philosophic calm that the man to whom it had been addressed simply broke into a roar. The conductor started to roar, though in a different key.

But the man turned on him sharply. "The boy is right. You deserve what you got. Now keep quiet and move on, or I will see to it that this whole incident is reported. If I do report it, you will be laid off for some time."

He then turned toward the boy. "I noticed that your ticket read Andover. Are you one of the Academy boys?"

“I hope to be, sir. It is for them to decide.”

“Hm! I don’t know how you’ll make it there. You’ll either make very good or be quite a failure. It depends on how they take you.”

“I think that I understand, sir. They will either call me witty or fresh. I have been called both. At times both are true.”

Again that philosophic calm. The boy spoke as though he was regarding the whole subject objectively. Again the man was startled as the boy continued, “What subject do you teach, sir?”

“How did you know that I taught at all?”

“By the way you spoke, sir.”

“Do you mean by my English or pronunciation?”

“Oh, no, sir; but nobody but a man who was used to talking to boys in the classroom would have said what you did upon a first meeting.”

There was apparently no rebuke in the remark. It was made as a simple statement of fact and as though neither party had any

personal interest in the matter. And yet the teacher was astonished to hear himself saying, "I beg your pardon." And he was more doubtful than ever as to how the boy would get on at Andover. The boy made no reply to the teacher's apology. He seemed a little surprised at it.

As they left the train at the Andover station the man turned and said: "If I can be of any help to you in any way, be sure to look me up. I'm Mr. Van Everen and I teach English. The boys will tell you where you can find me. Good-night."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be pleased to call upon you."

Once more the formal utterance; but it could hardly have been meant as a rebuke this time.

To one coming for the first time into Andover, the first appearance is not particularly pleasing. There is too great a preponderance of factories, churches, and cemeteries to make the outlook entirely cheerful. Usually no hack meets the unimportant trains and to a new-

comer that in itself is depressing. This time, however, there was a hack in waiting and the prospective student proceeded to accost the driver.

“Is it far from here to Phillips Academy?” he asked.

“Quite a bit of a way,” was the illuminating answer.

“How much will you charge to take me there?”

“One dollar.”

The boy turned suddenly as though some one had called him. A lady of about forty, with what were apparently her two daughters, was just coming out of the station. The boy regarded them a second and again turned to the hack-driver.

“Quite a natural mistake,” he remarked, “but I am traveling alone to-day. They are not my wife and daughters. What will you charge to take me alone to the Academy?”

The driver was subdued. He murmured, “A quarter,” and climbed onto his seat without further comment.

The hack stopped at a particularly ugly building which the boy was informed contained the offices of the school. As he descended from the ancient vehicle he smilingly handed the driver the stipulated quarter. The man himself grinned in response, tersely remarking as he pocketed the money, "You'll do."

"And it is so much better 'to do' than to be done, is n't it?" was the unexpected reply.

In the office a rather large man was seated at a desk apparently reading a novel. The boy addressed him with his usual formality. "Good-morning, sir. I called to see about entering the school."

"Have you previously written?"

"No, sir. It was but yesterday that I first thought of coming here."

"Well, I am afraid that the thought came too late. The school is already full and we have a waiting list of nearly a hundred."

"In that case I'll not disturb you. I'll try Exeter. Good-morning, sir." And he started toward the door.

“Just a minute. You might register, and then if any vacancy occurred we could let you know of it.”

“With nearly a hundred ahead of me, that would be hardly worth the while, thank you, sir.”

“But the hundred are not ahead of you in the sense that you mean. They are not taken in the order in which they register, but rather according to their desirability. You might be the first one notified.”

The boy considered the proposition for a minute, and then said, “I think that I will register, sir.”

A blank being handed to him, he proceeded to fill it out while the man resumed the reading of his novel. A few minutes later the novel was again laid down and its place taken by the filled-in form.

“I see that you are proposing to enter the senior class, though you have not as yet passed any of the college examinations. It is necessary for all seniors to have what we call a ‘college list.’ How does it happen that

you have not passed any college examinations?"

"I have never taken any. I thought that I would leave them till I was in Cambridge and then take them all at once."

"But suppose that you failed to pass some of them?"

"I do not think that there is much danger of that. I have seen some of the old papers."

"Hm! What marks did you get at your previous school?"

"I have never been to school before, sir. I have done all of my studying and reading at home. My father helped me."

"How much Latin have you read?"

"None at all, sir. Father thought that it was better for me to put the time on the modern languages. I have studied French and German, sir."

"How much of these have you read?"

"I could not say, sir. I read about as much French and German as I do English."

Here the boy's eye wandered to the novel which was lying upon the desk. It was Zola's

“L’Assommoir.” He opened the book as though familiar with it, and, turning over a few pages, read a page of it in French which he then translated into English that was itself worthy of being put in print. But the passage which he had chosen was not one which could have been read in mixed society. The man was a little embarrassed by the situation. The boy, not at all.

“Well, you would have to begin Latin. That is required of all students here,” said the man.

The boy’s answer to this was also disconcerting. “Why?”

“Because of the mental discipline which it affords.”

“But do you really think that it does, sir? You see father does most of his reading in philosophy and psychology and for the past year we have been very much interested in this subject. It seems as though the great majority of psychologists think that there is no such thing as mental training in the sense which you mean. That is, it will help a boy

very little in his Latin to spend three or four years in the study of chemistry; and it will help a boy very little in his chemistry to spend three or four years in the study of Latin. And it seems as though the study of language was the least valuable of all discipline after a boy has reached the age of about fifteen."

"We think differently here."

"Does that mean, sir, that I will have to study Latin if I enter this school?"

"It certainly does."

"Then perhaps I had better go to Exeter after all."

"But you will have to study Latin if you go there."

The boy paused a moment. At last he said, smiling as he said it: "Then it will have to be Harvard this fall. I can enter Harvard just as well now as a year later; but father and I thought that it might be better for me to spend a year at some big preparatory school before going to college. He says that I know enough about books, but not enough about

other boys, and that I will have to meet both in college."

It was a difficult case to handle. The boy was evidently familiar with the subject, and familiar in such a way that the man recognized that his mere *ipse dixit* would not be very convincing. He gave it up.

"Well, if you can enter without conditions, I would advise you to go at once. It seems to me that you are mature enough for the college life."

"It is not quite a question of maturity; but I thank you very much for the advice. It may help to satisfy father. And may I trouble you to tell Mr. Van Everen, when you meet him, that my stay in Andover was not long enough to permit of my calling upon him."

"Do you know Mr. Van Everen?"

"I have met him, sir."

And so the boy left Andover. His stay had been of less than an hour's duration; but it had left more of an impression than is made by most of the boys during the four years of their stay.

60 IT HAPPENED AT ANDOVER

The boy did enter Harvard without a condition and led his class during the entire four years of his course. He is now a professor there.

THE INFIRMARY

To those of us who had been here during the days of the Commons the building of the Infirmary seemed to mark the beginning of a new era. Not that there had really been so very much sickness in the Commons; but it seemed as though it must come some day and we awaited its coming with fear and trembling. There had grown up a tradition that these buildings were fireproof; and they had to a certain extent proved it. What but fireproof structures could have survived the conditions under which they persisted? Oil lamps and lanterns, never cleaned, were constantly catching fire and being thrown out of the windows: ashes from the many stoves were carried to the head of the cellar stairs and then dumped, with the hope that they would perform the rest of their journey to the heap below unaided by human hands and feet. Most of them did; but more than one hot coal would rest upon the wooden steps, glow for a while

with the hope that it would be able to set the building on fire, and then fade away, its heart grown cold and sick.

So there was no reason why the Commons should not be germproof as well as fireproof; and again the evidence was rather in favor of the theory; for though sickness would creep in and abide there for a time, there certainly was not that amount of sickness which their unsanitary condition should have produced. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the percentage of sickness among the boys living in them was decidedly less than that among the boys enjoying more luxurious quarters. Certainly the number of absences was less than the average of the school; but that may have been accounted for by the fact that if a boy could possibly get out of his room there he would certainly do it, even though he had to endure the tortures of the classroom.

But with the coming of the Infirmary came also a new system of health inspection. If a boy thought that his condition was such that he was in need of medical treatment, a report

was at once sent to the office, and the medical director of the school would call upon and inspect the case and give his decision as to whether the individual would receive more benefit from the Infirmary or the classroom. And the decision was not always an easy one to make. The famous heathen has nothing on the American schoolboy when it comes to a knowledge of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Epidermal rashes and eruptions were produced by internal and external applications: coughs and headaches and fevers would be developed, usually in imitation of the prevalent epidemic of the day. During the week or two which the pink-eye always claims as its own, tobacco would be inserted beneath the eyelids so as to produce the inflammation necessary as a certificate of admission to the Infirmary. Perhaps the clause in one of our school publications, to the effect that the use of tobacco in every form is discouraged by the authorities, may have some reference to this practice. At the times of the ratings especially, it began to be noticed that

the candidates for the place of rest increased enormously; and a careful inspection of the "sick-list" failed to reveal a preponderance of the names of those who might have been the victims of overstudy. Indeed, the reverse situation was strikingly evident. Yet, take it all in all, the system of getting them in and keeping them out worked in a fairly satisfactory manner.

Separating the sheep from the goats is not the only problem of stock-raising. And even in our case where the sheep were constantly changing into goats and the goats into sheep, there was still the care of the more delicate class to be considered. During the most of the year the matron who is in charge of the Infirmary can easily take care of the few cases which are sent to her. Even in the rush hours of the examination periods, the patients, though numerous, are not such critical cases as to require constant care. A little watchfulness in the taking of the temperatures to see that the fever has not had a sudden increase due to the thermometer's being gently

warmed by a lighted match, a limiting of the diet to the amount necessary for adequate nourishment, but not of a quality and quantity to encourage a prolonged stay in what would otherwise become a loafer's paradise, a prompt suppression of that tendency to rough-house which is the universal symptom of boyhood convalescence, and the patients can otherwise take care of themselves.

But when an epidemic really is present, the case is not so simple. To get in an extra nurse or two at a time when they are so scarce as to be nearly worth their weights in gold, is almost an impossibility.

A few years ago there came a week when the Infirmary was about half full. Some of the cases were colds, some were "grip," and some were "flu," though none of the several physicians in attendance could be quite sure which were which. It did not make much difference, as they were all being treated about alike, and though many of the boys were terrifyingly sick for a day or two and needed almost constant care, yet none of them were confined

to their beds for more than four or five days and were usually back in their own rooms by the end of the week. But the matron had more than she could attend to, and we at once began the search for an extra nurse. Not a one could we find. Every nurse within a radius of fifty miles of Boston seemed to have become engaged; at least professionally. Finally one of our old boys wired us that he had found one who was just getting through with a case and that he had started her for Andover that morning.

From the day that she arrived there was a change. The doctors all agreed (an unusual condition) that she was the most efficient nurse that they had met. Temperatures were taken, reports made, food and medicine administered with an intelligence and a promptness which had not been the case for weeks. Rough-housing ceased completely; and even the visiting around from ward to ward in pajamas, which previously it had been almost impossible to prevent, became a thing of the past. The boys themselves were the most en-

thusiastic in their praise of Miss Pru (her real name was Miss Prudence Flayhome) and were unanimous in voting her to be "the best little nurse that ever happened." It looked as though we had achieved the impossible and had at last found the perfect nurse.

The severity of the epidemic, as regards the number of the sick at any rate, which seemed to be waning in most parts of the country, continued to increase with us. Not only were there more new cases reported day by day, but those who were sent to the Infirmary did not make as rapid recoveries as they had been doing under the less favorable conditions. Some of the teachers, who, out of the kindness of their hearts, would run the risk of contagion and go over to visit the invalids who were normally in their own particular classes or dormitories, would succumb to the invisible devastator of our ranks and soon find themselves enrolled among the victims. It looked as though the percentage of losses among the officers would be greater than that among the privates. And the diseases among

the faculty were not all of a nature that would permit of their having been contracted by visits to the boys. One of the teachers came down with the mumps and another with a mild case of chicken-pox, though where these sicknesses had been contracted remained forever a matter of mystery. A teacher of science had the misfortune so to cut himself in the laboratory that he had to present himself daily for the application of antiseptic dressings and bandages. And yet this was the first time in his more than twenty years of service that he had ever felt the need of even "first aid."

The climax was at last reached, however, when one of the married teachers, who had been over to call upon one of the boys, returned home to become at once the victim of a serious scalding accident which necessitated his being removed to the Infirmary for a matter of weeks. But wifely eyes are not so easily dazzled and blinded as the mere male organs are. The lady at once realized and reported that as long as the new nurse remained there,

there would be no lessening of the number of the patients in the Infirmary. There was not the least suggestion of any impropriety upon the part of the nurse: and there was no ground for any such suggestion. It was simply a case of too much beauty and charm for the present position. Having heard the report, I myself felt called upon to do a little research work upon the phenomenon observed, and unwillingly, I was obliged to confess that the report was based upon indisputable evidence.

I have perhaps seen greater beauties than Miss Pru; but I am forced to state emphatically that I have never met any one with half her charm. She was one of the women who so insistently appeal to the male's protective instinct. The moment that you met her you felt that you must do something to help her and to make life easier for her. Using the word without any meaning of impropriety or immodesty, she was the most "cuddley" young lady that it has ever been my pleasure to encounter. It was easy to account for the perfect order of her charges. She had but to smile

upon them and they would swallow the most noisome draught ever prepared by an allopathic practitioner: she had but to place her hand upon their heads and they would go to sleep, though they were enduring all the tortures which poison ivy is capable of producing.

Of course Miss Pru had to leave us. She herself at once understood the situation, and indeed informed us that she would not have come at all had she not known how impossible it was for us to get any one else. She did not as a rule take patients of over ten years of age, anyway; but had come to us simply with a desire to give help where help was needed. She went from us to a family where there were five children, all under twelve years of age; and so great had been her charm that the boys in school, usually so desirous of a greater age, were now actually envious of the very young.

Surely hers was an unusual triumph.

Her going made about as complete a change in the conditions at the Infirmary as her coming had made before. Within a day more than half of the patients became well enough to re-

turn to their rooms and report at their classes. And those who remained behind became so much better that none of the doctors felt it to be any longer necessary to call three or four times a day as some of them had been doing in the past. It was a new and very effective form of absent treatment.

I will here confess that I continued the acquaintance and friendship formed during the few days when she was with us. Oh, yes; I was among those who would have been perfectly willing to eat out of her hand. But I found that her hand had been already used for another purpose. She had been married several months before to a young surgeon; but as his practice was not as yet large enough to support them both, the marriage had not been made public, as it was felt that its announcement would hinder rather than help the building of their own little nest.

Anybody but a blamed fool would have known that a girl like that could not have remained unmarried till she was twenty-three years old.

THE FOREIGN-BORN

THEY both arrived in Andover on the same day and were more different than any two boys who entered school that September. One was from China and the other from one of the South American republics. They were so different, that their difference was their one similarity. They were not only different from each other; but they were different from all of the other boys in the school. Usually there are ten or more boys who come to us each year from China, and we are apt to have several who are more familiar with the Spanish tongue than they are with the English. As far as their learning the use of our language is concerned, it is probably better for them to come in small parcels; but it must be a rather dreary outlook for a youngster to find himself where he is not able to enter into any conversation more advanced than that which is found in the "first-year" books.

Naturally, they roomed alone. It is hard for

a foreigner to get a room-mate during his first year at Phillips unless he brings a ready-made one along with him. The American boy does not like to "take a chance" on a room-mate coming either from South America or from China. The foreigner may be a better man than he himself is. But you cannot be sure whether the one from the South will turn out to be a Spanish grandee or a greaser, or whether the one from the Orient will be a nobleman or one who will later develop a too-great interest in the mice with which the dormitories are infested. The second year, you may find any possible pairing of nationalities; but during the first year, the single representative of a country is almost certain to maintain a complete independence.

The classification of the boys who come to us without a knowledge of English is always a matter of difficulty and irregularity. We fit them in where we can, with the hope that they will have enough knowledge of the language in which the course is being conducted at least to understand the most of what is be-

ing said in the classroom. It is wonderful how quickly the bright ones pick up an understanding knowledge of our tongue; and, indeed, make additions to it. I think that you will all recognize that their replacement of our word "banker" or "financier" by the word "money-getter" is a great gain in clearness of expression. But the classifications which we first make are by no means permanent ones. We change their courses from time to time, as we decide what can be done by them with the most profit. And so it was that after two weeks Pedro and Tzu first met and sat next to each other in the class in chemistry.

Curiously it was here that the first real similarity showed itself. They were both intensely interested in the subject; but from entirely different points of view. Tzu had come to us as one of the Boxer Indemnity Fund students and meant to improve every moment of his six years' stay in the United States. His parents were poor even by Chinese measurements of wealth, and this was his chance

to get out of the class to which his family had belonged for centuries. Pedro, on the other hand, was provided with all the money that he wanted and that was much more than was for his greatest good. He had no interest at all in the applications of the science. All of his desire for knowledge was in the field which Professor J. P. Cooke was accustomed to call "chemical philosophy." His constant question was, "Why?" while Tzu was forever inquiring, "How?" The result was that during the discussion of some manufacturing process Pedro was as apt as not to drop off asleep. Indeed, by requesting a little care on the part of the boys, the instructor in the course was once enabled to complete the recitation, dismiss the class, and have another instructor, with his class in an entirely different subject, take possession of the room and continue the new work for half an hour before the dazed Pedro awoke fully to the new and unrecognizable conditions of his surroundings. Tzu would never have gone to sleep in a classroom. He would have been in constant

fear that some subject which would appear upon the next examination paper might be the subject of discussion.

And yet Tzu was not without his human side, and he often appealed to Pedro for instruction and aid upon some point beyond his sphere of experience. And there were subjects other than theoretical chemistry upon which Pedro was recognized as an authority. And justly. No Spanish nobleman ever paid more attention to his personal appearance than did this distant descendant of one. Lax in his attention to all school rules, he was punctilious in his observation of all the niceties of dress and formal deportment. The two were often antagonistic, as upon one famous occasion when his excess of absent marks had placed him upon the "non-ex" list and he found himself, although provided with a new dress-suit for the purpose, unable to make a dinner-call which courtesy demanded. With a perfect candor he petitioned the faculty for a special permission to make the call in question, with the appealing state-

ment that unless his petition were granted, a hundred dollars would have been spent in vain. I am glad to be able to report that the faculty were unanimous in voting him the permission.

So it was not an injudicious act for Tzu to ask Pedro for some help in the matter of clothes. One day I overheard a conversation between them. I will not attempt polyglot dialogue; but the substance of it was that Tzu was complaining because the clothes with which he had come provided were not what "you call *stylish*," and was requesting some information as to where he could obtain some more suitable ones. Pedro with his accustomed politeness replied that Tzu's clothes were good enough; and that anyway it would be absurd to throw them away; better wait till spring and then get an American tailor to make him some when the others were about worn out. "But that is the trouble. I am here for six years, and when I left China I was provided with a dozen suits all exactly alike as to material and style." Think of being loaded

up with twelve suits of clothes all exactly alike! No wonder the poor boy began to feel the need of a change even before the first had been worn out. Through Pedro's rapidly acquired knowledge of American methods, they were able to dispose of the entire wardrobe at a price greater than had originally been paid in China, though not for a sufficient sum to replace them in America.

Though approaching the subject of chemistry from such entirely different points of view, it was remarkable how nearly alike their marks were. But the thing admitted of easy explanation. All that was in the textbook each of the boys knew nearly perfectly. The matters which were treated of in the lectures were sometimes of a theoretical and sometimes of a practical nature. Each was apt to do a little better than the other in his own particular field of interest, not only because he had grasped that part better in the classroom, but because each had been doing a considerable amount of outside reading, and had naturally browsed in the fields which most

delighted him. The amount of reading which Pedro did in this way was amazing, especially when you consider that he came of a race which has not been noted for that form of energy. Before he had had two years of German I found him reading Ostwald and Nernst in the original, a thing which most students do not attempt till they are pretty well along in their college courses. And he not only read them, but for the most part read them understandingly and critically. He even went farther afield and tasted the Pierian spring from Poincaré's overflowing cup.

And yet he could frivol a bit when so disposed. I remember one day, when I was looking over the laboratory after the class had left it, I found upon Pedro's desk a glass plate which had been arranged for etching with hydrofluoric acid. That of itself was not remarkable, as the exercise for the day had been upon the halogens. But upon closer inspection, I found that the enthusiasm of the hour had wrought upon him to such an extent that, instead of merely scratching his initials

or class numerals as the most of the class had done, he had traced the somewhat profane sentiment, "To hell with Exeter." Though not particularly shocked, I still felt that it was a matter for at least some form of mild criticism and re-marked the glass, substituting the word "heaven" for "hell." The next day, Pedro inspected the now deeply etched legend with some surprise; but though of the older faith, his materialism was too far advanced to permit of his accepting my offered explanation that a miracle had been accomplished. His dippings into modern thought had produced a scientific skepticism at least too great for that.

Toward the end of the school year a situation arose which focused the eyes of all the class upon these two boys. The conditions under which the prize in chemistry is awarded are such that the averages for the terms and the marks obtained for the final examinations are the determining factors. The marks are posted upon a bulletin board from time to time as they are given, so that by an in-

spection of the list there, it can be seen to whom the prize will probably go. There was, however, this year an exception to the usual rule; for as the marks were added it was found that there was a difference of less than one per cent between the marks of the two foreigners. (None of the native-born were within several points of these two.) The least little mistake which either might make would give the prize to the other student. And then on the next to the last examination the break came. Probably more from excitement than from ordinary carelessness, Tzu omitted one of the questions, one fifth of the entire paper. If it had not been on a prize examination, I think that I would have accepted the evident fact that the question had not been omitted from any lack of ability to answer it. But it *was* a prize examination and I did not feel that I had any right to judge as to why the question had been omitted.

I remember that Pedro came in to see me that night and to find out how they had both come out on the examination. When I told

him the situation, his first remark was, "Gee, that's too bad! That puts him out of the running, does n't it?"

"I'm afraid that it does," I answered.

He hesitated a minute and then said, "He wants the money, too, does n't he?"

"Well," I replied, "I think that that phase of the matter is of more importance to him than it is to you."

He again pondered for a little while and then blurted out, "I'm going to throw the next exam. I was only in it for the fun of the thing, anyway, and I don't want to take the prize on a fluke."

"Pedro," I said, "you are not the only one concerned in this prize-taking. On your parents' account, you have no right to throw away a prize which you have really earned. It will probably be a much greater pleasure to them than to you to have you take the prize."

"Gee," he answered, "that's right. Dad is going to be here, and he will be tickled to death to see me take a prize. Say, can't you divide the thing in some way and give me

the honor and him the money? You can say we 'broke even' and that you fixed it up in that way."

But again, that did not seem to me to be quite the honest thing if Pedro had won the thing under the conditions of the award. They had not "broken even." Finally I suggested that I would talk to Tzu in regard to the matter, and explain to him that while he had actually no claim on the prize, yet it would be no more than justice if he would accept the money from Pedro after the award had been announced; that he had certainly earned something by his work and that the money was a matter of no importance to his rival. And that is the way in which the matter was actually settled. It was certainly a very pleasant ending to a very close contest. I afterward had the pleasure of explaining the whole matter to Pedro's father, and added that I would rather have a son of mine do as his boy had done than have him take a dozen prizes.

I have seen each of the boys but once since they left Andover. I ran across Tzu in New

York where he was a sophomore in Columbia. He had certainly profited by the example and instruction of his old classmate, for even to a silk hat and cane, he was dressed in a way which gave no chance for criticism. I asked him how he was getting along in his work and he informed me with some evident distress that he was not doing very well; that he had got a "B" in French at the last rating.

"What did you get in your other studies?"

"Oh, I got 'A' in those all right. But I only got a 'B' in French."

And yet I have known some Andover boys who would have received such a report quite joyfully.

I met Pedro in Boston two years ago. Curiously enough, he had become a "money-getter," and evidently a fairly successful one.

But it is worth while to teach if you only meet a couple of boys like those once in a dozen years.

FISH

“SIR, it is not a theory, but a condition which confronts us!”

I was quoting Mr. Cleveland, as he, I believe, had quoted Mr. Burke. My English is not usually as formal as this. But when I am with Fish, I have to do the best that I can. I think that I would get along better with him if I used nothing but Johnsonian diction. But that is too much. Why, he himself never quite lived up to the first sentence of “Rasselas.” Johnson, I mean. I am inclined to think that Fish even in his dreams does not fall much below that high level. But if I should talk to him in the language in which I address my more intimate friends, the not very great respect which he now has for me would fade entirely away, and that would be bad. And not for me, but for him. Does it sound a little too egotistical? Well, it is n’t. Just now my common sense can do more for him than his purism can for me. And just now

he needs the help, if he is going to hold his job. And he needs that, too.

The trouble with Fish is that he was never young. He is one of those good souls who are called "earnest seekers after truth." But it is only one kind of truth in which he is interested. I'll change that — in which he was interested. For I am inclined to think that the worst is over. But until very recently any knowledge which had not been systematized and nicely bound between two covers, preferably of calf, was to him of little worth. Now in this teaching business, while a knowledge of this sort is valuable, indeed to some extent necessary, it is of relatively less importance than the knowledge of the indirect object of verb concerned. To teach the boy wisdom, it is most important to know "boy"; and this is what Fish failed to know.

Fish is not the man's name anyway; it is a name which the boys have given him, and it sticks. There is not the least reason for the name as far as I can see. His jaw and forehead are all right. But Fish he is, and so he

will continue to be, I fear. At least as long as he remains here, and I am beginning to hope now that it may be for a quarter or a half a century. Some of us do hang on like that.

For the first two weeks everything went wrong and it looked as though he would n't hang at all unless he proceeded to hang himself. His trouble began in the dormitory, where he had to meet the boys in a less formal manner than in the classroom. And the boy with whom his first trouble began did not even room in Fish's building. It was a case of initiation into one of the secret societies, and the initiate had been sent, as one of the stunts, to ask the teacher for a two-headed match. Had he come in his ordinary clothes he might have been recognized as a member of the school; but as it was, he appeared in villainously outrageous garments and carried in his hand a butcher's cleaver. Fish thought that some crazy man had succeeded in gaining access to the building; not a very difficult thing to do. He naturally was

not quite at his ease and betrayed the fact to the boy, who, perceiving the situation, made the most of it with the final result that about a dozen boys came into the room and were also spectators of the situation. Having thus "got his goat," the boys began to play with that animal.

At first it was only the inmates of the dormitory and their particularly invited friends who enjoyed the sport. Hay, or rather the short grass from the lawn-mower, would be brought in until the halls and stairways were completely choked with it. Fish seemed to think that, as he did not know just which boy had played the rôle of Maud Muller, he could not request any of them to clean it out, and so allowed it to remain there until it had been viewed by most of the school upon the following morning and finally removed by the protesting janitor: the janitor being much more declamatory against the teacher for allowing it to be done than against the boys for doing it. A barrel would be set rolling down the stairs during the sacred evening

study-hours; and when the cause of the sound had been captured and set upon its end, it would again be soundlessly transported to the floor above only to come rolling down again an hour or so later. When the thing had been again overtaken and kicked out into the street, with the accompaniment of a very modest expletive, a shocked chorus of "O's" would arise from an invisible audience. If the expletive had been stronger the chorus would have been weaker.

During last fall school spirit ran to a level rather higher than usual. Athletic relations had been "strained," which does not mean that they had become either refined or purified. Hence it did not seem to Fish entirely unreasonable when some of the older boys called upon him one night, and proceeded to explain to him a plan which, they thought if carried out, would result in a school scandal. The plan seemed to be to burn the football captain of the rival school in effigy. To Fish's mind, that did not seem like a very scandalous proceeding. But when they ex-

plained to him that there would be a large crowd at the burning, that speeches of an impolite and impolitic nature would be made, and that reporters and photographers would undoubtedly be there so that the full account of the thing would appear in the morning papers, it did look as though it might make more for peace and harmony between the rival schools if the thing were stopped rather than if it were allowed to proceed. Finally, after explaining that most of the faculty were attending a meeting of some kind that evening, they convinced him that it was his duty to go forth into the night and do what he could to save the fair name of the school. Having succeeded in this, they at once repaired to the place at which they had told him the fire was to be, and proceeded to make a slight blaze so that he would not be disappointed in his search. Aside from this very small affair there was no burning or other disturbance, though while he was returning to his room he was very much surprised at the large number of boys who met and saluted

him. Half of the school seemed to be out, and every one of the boys was most polite in his salutation.

Every year there is some teacher whose classroom is the scene of constant disorder. It seems a necessary part of the school life. It makes no difference how much care is used in selecting the new members of the faculty, one of them always has trouble and the rest usually do not. Sometimes you can select the one who will have to endure the martyrdom, and sometimes it is one whom you would never have selected. But this year Fish had no rival for the part. What had gone on in the dormitory had of course been noised abroad and his classes soon developed a rivalry as to which could do the most outrageous things. Boys slipped out of the windows and thence by means of the fire-escape to the ground as soon as his back was turned in their direction for an instant; necessary parts of the school furniture, such as the teacher's chair, the erasers, and the pointers, would be removed from the room, though as a rule it is but fair

to say that during the recitation hour the smaller articles would again become visible and audible as they went sailing through the air. Upon entering the room, if the day were at all cold it would be found that all of the windows had in some mysterious way been opened and left so for an hour or more; and the class would protest with exaggerated fears for their healths at being compelled to remain in a place so inadequately heated.

Fish would try to treat all cases of disorder in a fair and logical, almost in a legal and judicial, way. He would never send a boy out of the room unless he were absolutely sure of his guilt in some particular act of disorder. He would allow himself to be drawn into endless debates as to the evidence pro and con the guilt of the individual concerned, so that the time left for the lesson of the day would often be reduced to but a very small portion of the hour: which, after all, was that for which the most of the disturbances were really inaugurated. He could nearly always keep control of his temper and of his voice;

but the one thing which he could not do was to smile. He seemed to think that he could convince the boys by argument that all which was being done by them was wasteful of time and that when he had once convinced them of this, the disorder would cease. I think that it was at first impossible for him to believe (he cannot yet understand it) that the principal object of the game was to waste time and thereby shorten the lessons. I am not quite sure that it was the *principal* object; for the whole thing was great fun from the boys' point of view, and that alone would have been enough to justify it. But a large part of the fun was just this wasting of time.

Things had been running along this way for months when there was some particularly outrageous piece of deviltry pulled off which came near resulting in a serious accident. I think that a heavy stool had been hurled across the room and that it had miscarried in some way so as nearly to brain one of the members of the class. Fish realized that his methods of meeting the situation

were not meeting it, and came to me for advice.

Now, advice is one of the things which I am always willing to give. It is like an old coat or pair of shoes which you can no longer use yourself, a thing indeed of little value, but the giving of which makes you feel rich in charity. I proceeded to "acquire merit" in this way.

The burden of my talk was that he was to take things a little less seriously; that when possible, and it usually was possible, he was to keep a smile upon his face; and, also when possible, he was to spring something to make the class smile *with* him rather than *at* him. He demurred; he talked of dignity and politeness; but he finally consented to try the system for a week and report upon the results. I was hopeful, for, though solemn of visage, he did have a sense of humor when it was not crowded out by what he considered a more important phase of the matter in hand, and he did have an art and fluency of expression, the effect of which was often enhanced

rather than diminished by his Johnsonian periods.

A few days later he appeared at my door with the remnants of a smile still upon his face. I knew that a report of progress was about to be made and I judged that it was to be a pleasant one. It was.

During the previous hour he had been conducting an examination and the action of one of the boys had aroused his suspicions. The boy would frequently stop his writing, furtively take out his watch, open it and consult the inside of the case rather than the dial. As soon as he detected Fish's eye upon him, he would appear confused and hastily restore the watch to his pocket. There seemed to be but one explanation of the phenomenon; the boy must be consulting a "crib" of some kind which had been concealed in the watch. So Fish strolled over to him and politely asked if he would please tell him the time.

With a startled expression, the boy stammered, "Yes, sir," and, glancing at the clock

upon the wall, added, "It's twenty minutes of ten."

Fish had thought of the possibility of that answer and at once replied: "I share with you the doubts which you seem to entertain in regard to the accuracy of the official time-piece. Will you please tell me what time it is by your watch?"

"It's just the same, sir. I just looked."

By this time it had become a little difficult for Fish to keep the promised smile upon his face; but he made a brave effort and asked to be allowed to see the watch. With still more confusion the boy protested that he did not want to show the watch; that it had something of a private nature in it, which he did not wish others to see.

For a moment Fish was at a loss; for it was possible that the watch contained nothing more than the picture of some "first love," and that sentiment rather than dishonesty was the cause of the frequent glances. But it seemed too late to draw back; so after a few more protestations upon the part of the

youth, the watch was produced, and revealed upon the inside of the cover in unmistakable print the inscription, "FOOLED AGAIN, YOU OLD ASS." Some of the other boys in the room, who were of course aware of what the inscription was, had already started to grin.

But without a second's hesitation Fish rose to the occasion. "Pardon me for my intrusion into what is so evidently your own personal correspondence. Surely there is nobody in the room for whom this could have been meant but yourself."

For the first time in his several years of experience as a teacher, Fish had been discourteous to a student, and a class had laughed with him instead of at him.

The triumph of the day was made perfect by that of the morrow. A wild Irishman named Macsomething had been in the habit of making more or less of a monkey of himself at all times when he was in the classroom, and particularly as he was entering it. He was at once subdued on the following day when, as he was taking some uncouth attitude in his

seat, Fish snapped at him, "Mac——, there is no necessity of your giving daily corroboration to the Darwinian theory of descent." To be sure, the most of the students did not have the least idea as to what the "Darwinian theory of descent" was. But the spontaneous laughter of a few of the more intelligent ones showed them that a "bug" had been placed, and the rest lost no time in joining in the chorus.

The curious part of it is that Fish is as much displeased as pleased at his success. It irritates him to have mere impoliteness and wit succeed where courtesy and reason did not. It has been a severe blow to his training and standards of many years. Hence my quotation backed by the double authority.

But for the last six weeks he has had no trouble in either his classroom or his dormitory.

A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE

Two boys stepped off the train together. At first glance they seemed to be about equally well dressed; but a closer inspection revealed the fact that while the appearance of one was undoubtedly due to a tailor, that of the other was due to a rather unusually well-developed figure. As they were getting to Andover a few days before the opening, there was no kindly hack-driver ready to relieve them of their suit-cases and their change. To one, it apparently made no difference; but the other was decidedly disturbed by the situation. Childishly-manly profanity gave evidence of his discontent, though it ended boyishly enough with a "Gee! What am I going to do with the darned thing!"

"Why, carry it," said the stronger-looking of the two. "It's only about half a mile, they tell me, to the school."

"Half a mile! I would n't carry that suit-case half a mile for a dollar."

“I’ll do it for half that,” said the other.

“Oh, I thought that you were one of the students. Go ahead. I’ll give you fifty cents if you take it up to Taylor Hall for me.”

“I am going to be one of the students. But I’m going to work my way through, and I reckon I might as well start in now.”

To John Foster the incident seemed a good omen. He had hardly arrived at the school, yet he had already earned enough at least to pay for his supper, and that was the thing of which he was thinking the most just then. As he trudged along with a bag in either hand, he was already calculating that he was getting paid at the rate of about a dollar and a half an hour for the time expended; and then, as it occurred to him that he would be spending the time in the same way whether he were paid for it or not, he began to grin. “I’ll quit worrying right now,” he said to the other fellow who was walking along with him. “If I can make money as easily as this, I’ll be able to stick it out all right.”

The child of wealth, however, was not

quite so assured of his position. He did not know whether he should have hired a fellow student to carry his burden for him. He did not know whether it was just the thing for him to be walking up the street with his employee. He was getting his first lesson in democracy at a school where the course is pursued by all of the students and the laboratory method alone is used. Later he found himself playing on athletic teams with associates more apparently incongruous than his present one.

Foster had arrived at Andover with just fifty-five dollars and fifty-seven cents in his pocket. Fifty of these precious dollars would have to be paid at once to the treasurer of the Academy, as in no case was the first payment of the tuition remitted; though there was a chance that he might get at least a portion of it back again if he stood sufficiently well in his studies. With what had just become a balance of six dollars and seven cents, he was to start in upon his year of expenditure. It did look a little hopeless; but he had been assured that

other boys had started with even less and had graduated free from debt, and he was going to take the chance.

A good deal can be said both for and against the advisability of working one's way through school and college. To do it means that you are not able, no matter how saving of your time you are, to get the most benefit from the courses which you are taking in the classroom; and you are not able to get that benefit (though it is not always such) which comes from social contact with a mass of students gathered from nearly every State in the Union. But it does give a certain knowledge of the value of time and money, and begets certain habits of thrift and economy which may be of as great a benefit in your future career, especially if such career is to be a commercial one.

Now John had decided on a business career; but he had also decided that his opportunities would be better, both from the knowledge gained and the friends formed, if a college education were first obtained. He had none of

the scholar's interest in the studies which he expected to take. They were simply things which were going to aid him later, and as such were to be mastered. But if they were worth doing at all, they were worth doing at least reasonably well. And also, to do well in the studies meant that certain moneys in the forms of prizes and scholarships would come to him who had so earned them. Hence, as this is in no sense a history of a scholastic career at Andover, let me say, once and for all, that John's scholarship was rather higher than would be expected of one with so many outside interests.

There was another thing which was a great help to him at the start. On account of the excellence of his entrance examination papers he had been assigned a position as a waiter in the dining-hall, the payment for which was his own board; and that is ordinarily the largest single expense which the student has to meet. He also found that he had been assigned to a room, his share of the expense of which would cost him but little more than a dollar a week.

It did look as if, though there might be "no royal road to learning," some one had at least spotted a trail for those who were not royal.

At the first football game which he attended he saw another means of earning money which had not occurred to him. At the game were several boys carrying baskets of candy and peanuts which they were selling to the other fellows with evident ease. No normal boy can resist things of this kind when they are thus thrust under his nose, though he might have sufficient strength of character or laziness to prevent his going out of his way to purchase them. One of the tempters was a Middler who, having been in the school for several years, was wiser in the ways of earning money. It was he whom Foster questioned in regard to the way in which the supplies were bought, the amount of the profits, the causes of decreased profits and of losses. Having got what data he could as to the present methods of peddling, he proceeded to study the problem, with the result that in a few weeks he had the whole thing systematized and, without him-

self appearing to have any connection with the business, was actually realizing more than any two or three boys had made before.

Instead of the stock being purchased by the several boys from several different dealers, the new concern purchased it all from one dealer, who delivered at Foster's room every Wednesday and Saturday morning what had previously been ordered. In this way the cost of the goods was reduced twenty per cent. The boys who sold the candy worked on a commission basis, and as they made about as much as they had been making before without the trouble of getting the stuff themselves, they had no objection to the new arrangement. By making a study of what the most of the buying public really wanted, instead of taking his own taste in candies as his guide in purchasing, the sales were increased and the amount of candy becoming too stale to be easily disposed of was diminished.

In the winter, when there were no games at which the selling could be so profitably carried on, agencies were established in various

dormitories, so that in the long evening study-hours, when desire waxed and power to resist waned, temptation was ever present for the boys' impoverishment and Foster's profit. By frequently changing the supplies from room to room, the different agents were able to offer an apparently fresh stock almost daily. The fact that in this close and constant contact the agents were not themselves always able to resist the temptation, did but increase the profits of the central manager; for there was no chance for leakage in the precise system of bookkeeping by which the accounts were kept.

An attempt was made to establish a branch agency at Abbot Academy; but without success. Girl after girl explained that she could dodge the watchful eyes of the faculty; but, alas, every one of them that was tried in the position of agent was forced to acknowledge that she herself was the principal purchaser of the goods and that her own expenditures were always greater than her profits.

At the end of the year Foster found himself

with a balance of a little over sixty dollars, which was very nearly the amount with which he had entered the town nine months before. But during the year he had paid for his own board and room, his clothes, and all of the expenses connected with his life in the school.

For an ordinary boy, the obtaining of a year at school for nothing would have seemed sufficient. But not for Foster. If he could do that in his first year, he ought to be able to do more than that in the years to come: especially as the next year he expected to have a little capital with which to start. He had secured employment for the summer months, and felt that by the time the school reopened in the fall, he ought to have a bank-balance of at least a hundred and fifty dollars.

The next year saw a change in his methods. He studied all of the various school wants which might be catered to by those of their own community. He considered athletic goods, ordinary clothing, the shining and repairing of shoes, laundry work, school publications, school stationery, clothes pressing

and repairing. He saw that there were possibilities in each and all of these lines; but he also saw that no one man could give the time needed to make several of them a success and still maintain his place in his classes. And yet he hated to see so many chances of making money neglected. Well, he did n't see many of them neglected. When he had worked out a plan by which he thought that some industry could be conducted with more profit than it was at present yielding, he would call in some boy who was particularly suited for the undertaking and tell him that he had a scheme by which he thought they could both increase their earnings, offer to explain the scheme to him, and, if necessary finance the project upon the condition that one third of the profits were to be paid to himself. He usually saw the problem so much more clearly than any of the other boys that they would at once realize that with his help they were certain to make more than they ever could alone, even when a third of the profits had been handed over. In those cases where money had been

advanced, it was always paid back before any dividends were declared, so that in the few cases where the plans did not work out quite satisfactorily, John lost nothing. He had nothing to do with the running of the business except to plan the methods to be used and to give what advice he chose to give.

During the last year of his stay in Andover, John did very little of actual buying and selling. His schemes were told at the colleges to which the boys went. They did not know just how the things were done; but they did know that they could be assured of daily service as regards clean towels, shined shoes, and pressed clothes in a way which they had never known before. Boys would appear from various places and pay good prices for information as to how to start profitable enterprises in their own communities; and even college administrative bodies would send their representatives to sit at the feet of prep.-school wisdom and pay well for their tuition.

The systems of which Foster had been the originator did not persist long after his de-

parture for college. Those who tried to follow his methods had not his genius for such work. They tried to sit back and take in their third of the profits without having done and without doing anything to earn them. When some readjustment of the method was necessary to meet changing conditions, they could not make the readjustment, and the business "failed"; that is, it went back to its old position of an unprofitable, small retail business instead of being a branch of a big department enterprise. Napoleon, in this case voluntarily, had departed and the mighty empire was no more. Indeed, the school authorities took a part in disestablishing the system; for though there could be no ground for suspecting his honesty, the rumor that John Foster had paid his own way for three years at Andover and had then departed with two thousand dollars in cash, seemed more like a scandal than a thing of which to boast. The Bureau of Self-Help tries to see that there is a more equitable distribution of opportunities and profits.

Last year I went back to my college commencement and ran across John. He was standing watching the completion of a new-plan dormitory which was almost finished. I was glad to see him, and as his financial prosperity had become almost a byword, I said, "Well, have you got a mortgage on the old college yet?" He grinned and answered, "Not exactly on the college; but I have one for a hundred thousand on this building."

I am sure that I looked the amazement which I felt; for he went on to say that they had come to him for a subscription; but his affairs were just then in a shaky condition. So while he reckoned that everything was coming out all right, he did not know just where he would be the next year and might need the hundred thousand.

"Can you get it if you do?" I said.

"Hm! I don't exactly expect to have to foreclose. But if I did I might make a little something out of it."

"What could you do with a college dorm.? No one would take that off your hands."

“Well, I don’t know about that. You see I rather insisted that it be built so as to have reading-rooms and library and things of that kind on the ground floor. That’s for the greater social life of the boys. It would n’t take but a few thousand to make it over into a first-class hotel. And say, nobody could have bought this site for a hotel for that money alone. It’s a safe investment all right. But as things look now, I reckon that I’ll give them the hundred thousand in the fall.”

I too had sat at the feet of financial wisdom.

THE SPORT

FROM year to year, Doctor McCosh was accustomed to give the boys at Princeton a little address of warning in regard to sneak-thieves. He usually began his remarks with the sentence, "Among five hundred boys you are sure to find one thief." I am inclined to think that his estimate was too low. Among five hundred boys, you will be pretty sure to find more than one who will be a thief in regard to certain things. Further, you will find several gamblers, a few who are already beginning to drink more than is good for them, and others addicted to other vices. That is, any school or college community is very much like the rest of the world to which the boys will later be exposed, though the percentage of the undesirables is smaller than it is in the world at large.

Do not let the above paragraph strike too much terror into the hearts of you parents who are about to send your sons away to

school for the first time. The young men with whom they are associating at home are, as a rule, worse than those with whom they are soon to mingle. You think that you know your sons' comrades: but you don't. You don't even know very much of the away-from-the-house life of your own son. We don't either. But from our study of the many specimens, we know so much more of the subject than you do, that you had better let them go on to schools and colleges. We will not guarantee to turn them all out as perfect types of mental, physical, and moral manhood. But we do feel sure that in most cases the boys will come nearer reaching that desirable condition with us than they would if they remained with you.

Now, the wild ones in the school, "sports" as they call themselves, are not nearly so wild as they would be thought to be. The boy who was recently overheard to brag that he was getting along all right, for, although only seventeen years of age, he had had his foot on the rail of every bar in Boston, was exaggerating

his manliness. He had, it is true, had his foot on the rails of a number of bars equal to that of those in Boston: but investigation revealed that his father was a manufacturer of bar and office furniture, and the bars upon the rails of which the boy had had the opportunity of placing his little feet, were all in his father's warehouse, and not in Boston bar-rooms.

Usually we do not get many of the tough ones. But occasionally one does get by our defenses. He comes to us from some small, private school whose proprietor does not dare to offend the influential father of the boy by refusing to give an "honorable dismissal." At least that was the explanation of the presence of the one who was with us some years ago; and, to borrow a word from his own choice vocabulary, he certainly was a "bird."

Charles Drew (he was accustomed to pronounce his full name punfully when he had been successful in filling his hand in his favorite game of poker, was the son of a manipulator of stocks. The father had a national reputation for playing rather long shots in the

market, and the son had inherited the father's instinct. He was a natural gambler. Do not get the idea in your mind that he was one of those who are correctly called by that usually incorrectly used word, "degenerates." He was nothing of the kind. He was of the kind of which heroes are made in Elizabethan periods of the world's history. If he had been brought into the world a few centuries earlier, his name might have been placed with those of Drake and Hawkins. But in a New England prep.-school and in the twentieth century, his energies were misdirected, and what might have been virtues became vices.

In his personal appearance there was nothing to indicate that Drew was not as other men are. As a rule he did not indulge in drink. As far as I know the only times when he did drink were those when there was a sporting chance of being caught at it. His spirit in the matter was like that of another Andover boy who assured me that he had only been to Lawrence twice in his life; once before he knew that it was against the rules, and once

afterward, *because* it was against the rules. He had a moderate interest in things athletic, and kept himself in a reasonably fit physical condition. He did fairly well in his examinations and so kept decent grades in his studies, though his tendency to "take a chance" in the recitations prevented his having a high rank in any subject except mathematics. There his clearness of thinking and original mind enabled him to do most of the work at sight; and when in algebra he came upon the subject of the theory of chances and probabilities, his interest and application were so great as to call forth words of praise from the instructor.

Among the boys he was not very well known. There are never many boys in school for whom the games of chance hold an all-absorbing interest, and boys of the other kind failed to interest Drew. The result was that he had few if any friends. Those with whom he went were hardly intimate enough to be ranked as friends. They were simply joined together by a common desire; but there was

no interest of one in the other. Indeed, it would have been difficult to give any ground for such a friendship. Drew was so easily their superior in all that pertained to their one bond of fellowship, that he stood almost as much apart from them as if of a different social stratum. Other boys being with him was no proof of their friendship. You would occasionally see a few boys gathered around Drew between the hours of recitation apparently engaged in consulting his watch. A closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the affair was not a watch at all; but a pocket roulette device by which they were slaking their thirsts until the evening when they would have more time at their disposal.

It was in the games of cards in which skill figured more than luck that Drew was particularly interested. But at Andover there was no chance for him to display his superiority. Even in poker the other boys had no chance with him. So at last, in order to get as much as he could out of what to him were infantile amusements, he used to practice the devices

of the professional gambler. He would use marked cards; he would stack the pack; he would place his opponents so that he could read their hands in mirrors; and in other ways use dishonest methods. But he never took advantage of his winnings in this way to fleece the tyros. Sometimes he would explain to them beforehand what he was about to do, and having warned them, he tried to do the thing so cleverly that, even with the warning, they were not able to detect him. Sometimes he would not explain to them how they had been beaten until the end of the game. Then he would give back most of the money which he had won, keeping only enough to punish them for their lack of observation. It was curious that the boys really never objected to his methods. They knew that he could have won anything which he wished from them, and they paid their little fines as though they were but reasonable tuition fees in the school iniquity.

I was never in Drew's room in the dormitory while he was an occupant of it; but I was

later told, by boys who had been, that its arrangements were marvels of ingenuity. While of apparent innocence, it contained most of the needed furniture of a modern gambling-dive. Attractive little stands with silk covers could have their tops reversed and furnish the needed devices for many games of chance. A wide window-seat concealed the means of a multitude of sins beneath its full and flowing draperies. Bookcases were capable of having their appearance and uses changed with but a small waste of time. If while a wheel was being spun there came a knock at the door, with one motion all signs of the improper would disappear, and when the instructor entered to the almost immediate response of "Come," the group of boys would be found intently engaged in their translations for the morrow. He would at once be appealed to to help them in some particularly obscure passage, and perhaps be kept doing their work for them for the better part of the hour, which left them all the more time in which to continue their game upon his departure. And later the in-

structor might comment in the faculty meeting upon the interest which the boys who roomed in his building had in their work.

Great criminals have often been captured in connection with some trivial affair that was not worthy of their attention. It was so with Drew. He was finally dismissed from the school, not on account of his gambling, but on account of his being drunk; and it was probably the first time that he had ever been drunk in his life. It was sufficient ground for his dismissal; but such a minor offense when compared with his many others.

“Keg-parties” disappeared from Andover long before the State made their disappearance a matter of necessity. Different times, different customs; and twenty-five years is quite a difference in time when the recent rapid evolution of schools and colleges is considered. But in the nineties it was not an unknown thing for a group of the sports of the school to order a keg of beer to be delivered at some such place as Pomp’s Pond at an hour when it was reasonably safe for them to be ab-

sent from the dormitories. There and there-with they would conduct themselves in what they considered to be a most manly fashion, and if the following day were a Sunday, which day brought them into rather less intimate relations with the faculty, they stood a good chance of escaping detection.

Drew had but little interest in keg-parties. He thought that they rather interfered with what he considered the more serious purposes of life; that is, games of chance. But Surly Day, the boy with whom he was spending the most of his play-hours just then, was the giver of the banquet and Drew felt that it was a matter of courtesy for him to accept the invitation. I think that the knowledge that some famous gamblers had also been hard drinkers did more than anything else to reconcile him to the situation.

Ten o'clock brought the party together in one of the little depressions between the sand hills which surround Pomp's Pond. There were less than ten in all; so there was more than enough beer for purposes of conviviality.

It so happened that Drew and Day were the ones who were the least accustomed to such meetings. It was the first time that either of them had attended, Surly's giving the party being a sort of initiation ceremony; the last one invited to join one of these informal gatherings being expected to act as host. The boys were differently affected by the beer, some of the older ones being hardly affected at all. But Drew and Day as the night wore on became more and more frolicsome, till, as the signs of morning were beginning to show over the eastern hills, nothing would content them but the rolling of the now empty keg up the Phillips Street hill, with the idea of placing it upon the Principal's front porch where it would be visible to all on their way to chapel in the morning.

The crowd started up the hill sharing the no light labor of keeping the keg upon its upward path. But as the top of the hill was approached, most of the fellows dropped off as they passed their own rooms; so that long before the remainder of the party had reached

Chapel Avenue, Drew and Surly were left as the sole means of transportation. Their mental condition had also undergone a change and they were not quite sure what was the object of their exertions. At last as the unruly burden eluded their grasps and rolled merrily down the hill, they abandoned it to its downward course; but with an indistinct idea that for some reason they were to go to the Principal's house, they continued to their destination and rang the bell. The result is evident; as evident as was their condition; and there was no mistaking that.

Drew did not go to college. His father took him into his own office where he thought that he would be able to keep a watchful eye upon him. The eye was unnecessary. Drew did not drink, and as soon as he got interested in the stock business, he gave up gambling. He claimed that the stakes in the market were larger, and that the methods, though legal, were often just as dishonest.

PARENTS

WHEN I was a small boy the Presbyterian Church which the family attended in Brooklyn was under the care of a particularly austere clergyman. His name began with a Scotch "Mac." I think that my parents must have appreciated the fact that my age was not such as to permit of either intellectual enjoyment or of spiritual benefit being derived from discussions as to the probability of my future damnation. Perhaps the observation was thrust upon them by my actions. At any rate, about once a month I was allowed to accompany my uncle to his place of worship, the famous Plymouth Church. I presume that I listened to some of the best pulpit oratory which the world has ever heard. But all that I can recall of the sermons is, that at some time in the course of the morning, the congregation laughed. As I remember it, not once did I fail to receive this reward for my church-going. Beecher had a way of stating a truth

which, from its very absurdity, became forceful. It was that which enabled him to hold the attention of his audiences, and particularly the audiences of young people, in a way which few preachers could do. In that remarkable series of talks which he used to give to the young men of New Haven, he was wont to insist upon the importance to their future career of the care which they used in choosing their ancestors, particularly their immediate ancestors, their parents. To some of the boys it did not sound any more impossible than some of the things which were required of them by the members of the faculty; but to all of them it did emphasize the mighty factor of inheritance, a factor which at that time was little recognized.

Well, while the first factor in the product of our well-being is so entirely outside of the brackets of our influence, the minor factors do permit of some modifications and changes; and the most important of these minor factors is the one which has to do with “training,” “education,” “environment,” or whatever

you may choose to call it. While none of us can be held responsible for what our parents are when we first become acquainted with them, what they become thereafter is more or less dependent upon us, and is a responsibility which we cannot shirk even though we would.

There is no time when the lack of training of the mother-parents is so evident as that at which their first sons are sent away to school. They come to us in all conditions of ignorance, from that of the maiden aunt (maiden aunts are about the most difficult of all the "parents" with whom we have to deal), who announces to us that we understand very little about boys and education anyway, to that of the really intelligent mother, who thanks us for what we are doing for her son and tells us how little she realized the problems which were before her. I like them when they come with this spirit of appreciation, and take them aside and explain to them that the school is not really interested in the education of boys except as a side-issue; that our chief

function is the education of the parents. I sympathize with them and tell them that they are not to be blamed for their vast ignorance. How could they know better? It is the first time that they have ever had a son go away to school, and of course they don't know how to behave. They would not be expected to understand the requirements and etiquette of some foreign court to which they were for the first time admitted. Why should we expect perfect deportment of them here? We don't. But we do expect that under the guiding influences of their sons they should improve; and I am glad to be able to say that in most cases they do credit to their tutors.

Let me treat the subject historically. I will give you brief sketches of four periods in the development of a parent. They represent four visits which the mother made to the school during the four years which the son spent with us. I think that you will be able to see the different steps in the process of her education and appreciate the pride of the son in the final product.

Mrs. Cabot and her son Samuel arrived in Andover two days before the date of the opening of the school. The boy had taken his examinations in the West the previous June, and had been one of the rather unusual cases of those admitted without conditions. But the mother thought that she would come on a few days early so as to "give a few little touches to his room." She had not written ahead to engage rooms at the Inn, as she had the previous year placed a daughter in one of the Eastern schools and had lived in the school dormitory while she was getting her settled. She expected to do the same here. She was indignant when she found that the room which she had engaged for her son was entirely unfurnished and that she herself would not be allowed to sleep in the dormitory. But she found some consolation in the fact that she would have an opportunity of giving more than the "few little touches to his room."

Though the Inn was of course full, she was able to find a room in one of the private houses. There she slept. But the most of the

day between eight in the morning and ten at night she spent in her son's room, being entirely unconscious of the fact that her being there was a great inconvenience to the other boys in the dormitory, who were thus deprived of their right to reduce their indoor apparel to the minimum; and that her son would later suffer for her obtuseness. As the weather was warm she would leave the door into the hall open for hours at a time, frequently giving the passers through the hall an ocular demonstration of a mother's affection for her son; the demonstrations being often osculatory as far as the son was concerned. Worse than that: Sometimes when either mother or son was feeling a little lachrymose at the thought of the parting for the night, she would go to the door of the instructor's room and ask permission for the boy to spend the night with her in the room which she had secured in the town. The conversation would, of course, be reported by the boys who roomed across the hall and could easily overhear it. Even at the time of

her final departure, which was almost a month after the opening of the school, she had learned so little that her parting request of the teacher was to please see that the boy was warmly covered every night and, if he were invited out to dinner, not to let him have more than one glass of claret. And yet the poor woman would have been utterly incredulous if any one had told her just how incompetent she was to advise her son in regard to his school deportment.

Mrs. Cabot's next visit to Andover was in connection with the winter dance. She had been visiting in the East and arrived with what was evidently her son's temporarily best girl. I myself had an errand at the station that morning and so was able to see the meeting. She was also evidently "mother's choice." I mean the boy's mother. She was much too domesticated and motherly herself to have been of very much interest to the boy. She must have been at least five years older than he was, and you could at once see how the mother had thought that her son would

be perfectly safe in such care as he would receive after he had passed from her own ministrations. For a minute or two the girl did not have a look-in. But she did have a look-at; and that I think was when she decided that the thing was all off as far as any permanency was concerned. She had come for the sake of the dance rather than that of the youth who was to "take her," and the thought of being met in that way at public stations all the rest of her life was too much for her. But the boy did at last leave his mother long enough to see that all the baggage was attended to, and after the first meeting was over, conducted himself in a fairly creditable manner. He showed both the girl and his mother a reasonable amount of attention, dined with them at the Inn (for the education had progressed far enough then for the securing of rooms before coming to the town), and even allowed them to visit him at his room once; but only once. He went with his mother when she made what she believed to be her duty-call upon the Principal and there suffered those ag-

onies which a boy does suffer upon such occasions, while she betrayed her utter lack of comprehension of what should be and what should not be said to a school principal. I am sure that it was after this call that the son really began the education of his mother. From that time she showed a certain deference to what she thought to be his opinions; her air was more subdued; and she seemed to realize that her son wished to be considered as something more than an object upon which she might lavish her maternal affections.

During the next fall Sam had become so far advanced toward manhood that he succeeded in making the school football team, and it was to see him play in his first big game that Mrs. Cabot made her third trip to Phillips. The meeting at the station was this time conducted in what is recognized in school circles as the proper method. Letters of instruction had been sent to her in advance; but Sam was taking no chances on her understanding them. His first words of greeting were: "For Heaven's sake, don't kiss me!"

And his attitude during her entire stay could in no way have revealed the fact that they were more than mere acquaintances; certainly not that they were close friends.

I do not think that Mrs. Cabot enjoyed any of her visit very much, and I am sure that the game itself was but one long horror. The poor woman had never seen any football game before and to break her in with a game in which to her the principal object seemed to be to break her son's neck was too much. She had been told that whatever happened she was not to leave the grandstand till the game was over. Had she dared she would have left the field after the first five minutes of the game and spent the time till the game was finished in agonized prayer in her hotel bedroom. But she had learned that what her son said must be done in Andover—must be done; and so she stayed to the end, trembling all of the time, giving vent to uncontrollable sobs and shrieks part of the time, and trying to cheer when she thought that there was an occasion on which Sam would have liked her so to do.

I helped her down from the stand at the end of the game; and she needed the help. When I made some remark to the effect that it had been a fine game, she looked at me as though I had uttered blasphemy. But when she saw that I was in earnest there began to dawn upon her that what she had thought to be but the boyhood madness of her own son was the heritage of all men. Then it was that the realization came to her that she could never mould him to her woman's plan, and that if she wanted to keep his love and friendship she would have to change her views to his. And she did it.

The last scene in this study of the evolution of a mother came at the next year's Exeter game. Again I sat near Mrs. Cabot and I marveled at what the year had done for her. Not only were there no longer any signs of fear and trembling, but there was an eager interest in the game, and at times an almost intelligent appreciation of it. Her applause came when it should have come and she did not have to wait till the cheer-leader told her

when to make a noise; and once I heard her mutter between her teeth, "Oh, why does n't the little fool kick!" And the "little fool" was her own son! Surely her education was nearly complete.

Toward the end of the second half there came the real test. When most of the two teams had got to their feet after one of the close plays, one figure still remained upon the ground; and the figure was that of Sam. Soon a doctor went on the field and the apparently lifeless form was carried to the side-lines. Remembering her great distress of the year before, I turned to Mrs. Cabot and said that I would at once go down to the dressing-room and find out how badly the boy was hurt. "Please don't," she said. "I do not think that he is hurt badly. He told me that he expected to be knocked out before the game was over, as he was coming up against a slugger. I think that he would rather we did n't make a fuss over him."

That night when I made my little speech to the victorious team, after praising them

for all that they had done and borne so well, I added that they were not the only brave ones on the field that day; and then told them of Mrs. Cabot. And that night in all the school there was no boy with a pride like that of Samuel Cabot's. That he, a boy and a Cabot, had done things to be proud of was to be expected. But that she, a woman and merely a Cabot by marriage, should have stood the test so well, was indeed a cause for pride. And when a boy does have pride in his mother, there is no pride to equal it.

And now the mother and son could walk down the Elm Arch hand in hand; seen, but unashamed. Not a boy who passed them but raised his hat in respectful salute. And more than one boy highly resolved that he would do what he could for his own parents' better up-bringing.

Surely, there is hope for all parents still!

THE SPY

THE physical discomforts of the men in the trenches during the late war must, indeed, have been terrible. Yet the discomforts were chiefly physical, and as such could be borne. But to be a boy with a German name in an American school during the same period was to anticipate the torments of the hereafter. It is no small matter to go away from home for the first time to some big preparatory school where you have not a single friend; but to go to a place, and to be compelled to stay there for months, where many of the teachers show a marked dislike and your fellow students an open hatred, is an ordeal which may well try the soul of youth. And to know that you are at least as loyal as they does not make the situation any the easier to bear; nor is there much consolation in saying to yourself, "For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." And yet this is what Otto Eimer had to endure; and

he did not have to wait till he reached heaven for his ultimate reward.

Mr. Eimer, a naturalized citizen, had been in the dye business at the outbreak of the Great War. He had not been a manufacturer, although he had had some interest in one or two of the American plants. He was chiefly a commission merchant, though not in the ordinary sense of that term. His method was to go to the various mills and factories where dyes were being used, study the particular problems of those places, and having decided what dyes were best suited for the work in hand, purchase and sell those dyes, and give instructions as to the best methods to be employed in their use. As he received a commission from both sides of the transaction, and had acquired a reputation for both his knowledge of the subject and his business integrity, his income had been considerable.

But with the coming of the war his business ceased. Imported dyes could no longer be obtained; American dye concerns were changing their outputs; but most important of all,

his German name and German accent made it impossible for him to do business in a country, which though not as yet in the war, was strongly anti-German as far as its sympathies were concerned. Firms which had formerly treated him with cordial favor now informed him that they had no need of his services or his wares; and rival salesmen who formerly avoided the territory through which he traveled now made sales where he could not. And with the loss of business came social ostracism. He was no longer welcome at the homes where he had been in the custom of calling; and while he had not as yet been subjected to open insult, Otto, who was attending a small private school where lessons in loyalty were replacing the more usual subjects of the curriculum, was made to furnish the material for the study of the new subject by the laboratory method.

At the end of the year Mr. Eimer saw that Otto could no longer go on where he then was. Every day was a day of constant insult and abuse. As is nearly always the case, those who

in ordinary times had been the most kindly and sympathetic now became the most bitter in their persecutions; and those who had been his best friends became his most active enemies. The boy was learning nothing of any value from his books and was but learning lessons of hatred from his companions.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to send him away from home to some school where his direct German origin would not be so well known, and where his being one in six hundred would make him less conspicuous than he was where he furnished five per cent of the total enrollment. And so Otto was sent to Andover, his father even refraining from accompanying him to the school, feeling that a knowledge of his own accent would be a weapon which would be later used against the son.

Of course, with his previous experience Otto did not expect to spend his time in Andover sweetly slumbering upon a bed of roses; but he had expected that he would not be subjected to the constant persecution which

had been his lot before. In some ways it was worse; for while at home he was only subjected to it while he was at school, some five hours a day, in his new school he had to endure it all of the time. His trials would begin with the morning chapel exercises where the comments which he heard made upon the situation in Europe were not always tempered with charity toward the Germans. In the class-rooms some of the teachers would spend a large part of the hour talking of things which, for the most part, they were not well qualified to discuss. In the groups of boys with which he was thrown he would hear the same things talked about with even less wisdom and proportionally more enthusiasm. And on all of these occasions he would feel the eyes of the other boys upon him, eager to see him show some signs of anger or protest.

Usually Otto did not feel himself called upon to debate or even to correct absurd statements which he constantly overheard, as indeed he was meant to do. But occasionally something would be said which was so

evidently contrary to all fact that he would feel called upon to deny it. Of course, it was not an atmosphere in which a judicial attitude could be maintained. One had but to say, "To hell with the Kaiser," and the applause with which it would be greeted showed that the unanswerable argument was appreciated and that there was no more to be said. I have heard men of considerably greater age than that of any of these boys who thought that the use of the above quotation stamped them as patriots above question. But Otto's attempts at reason and sanity did no good for any cause and did himself much harm. The other boys at once interpreted his defense of truth as a defense of all the crimes of which the Germans were accused; and his appearance on the athletic field or at any place where a group of the boys had gathered together was the occasion of scowls and mutterings. Under these circumstances he developed the habit of taking long walks by himself, and finally happened to run across a farmer a mile or two from the village who was gathering his

fall apples. Labor was already beginning to get scarce, so that when Otto offered to help the man in his harvesting, the farmer was only too glad of the assistance. At the end of two or three hours' work, when it had become so dark that the climbing of the trees had become dangerous and the seeing of the apples almost impossible, the man thanked Otto for his help and offered him a dollar for his pay. That Otto did not want the dollar was a thing that the farmer could not understand until Otto mentioned that he was a student in the Academy, when the man seemed to accept that as sufficient explanation of the eccentricity. But when Otto further said that he would like to come out several times a week, as often as he could get away from the school requirements, and do similar work and at the same price, the farmer rebelled. Though times were hard, he felt that it was not just the thing to be letting the boy work for nothing, and they finally agreed to let the man keep account of the time and at the end of the season to turn the money-equivalent over to

some war-charity in the names of both of them.

It seemed as though Otto had at last found a haven of relief from the persecution. But it started a new trouble. The week before he began his working in the orchard, one of the well-meaning enthusiasts who became so prominent a little later had given an address to the boys in which he had warned them to be on the lookout for Germans who were propagating their views in America. He had told them that all Germans, children of Germans, and people with German names were justly objects of suspicion; that the students would be doing a real service to the country if they kept a strict watch over any such persons and reported all of their doings to an address with which he furnished them; that in many such cases already reported, the suspected ones had turned out to be spies in the employ of the German Government.

It did not take very long for the amateur detectives, of which the school soon developed a goodly number, to investigate the occasions

of Otto's long walks into the country. It was found that several afternoons during each week he went out of town for several miles to a place where he and a man who passed as a farmer spent hours in working in what appeared to be a sort of back-pasture. They were digging what looked to be a cellar; but for all that they knew it might be a place for later heavy-gun emplacement. While the man himself seemed to be an American, it might be that he was a go-between for Otto and some one higher up; and in any case there could be but little doubt that it was a plot of some kind and that the already talked-of military activities of Phillips Academy were being revealed to the Germans. What really was happening was that the farmer was digging an extra vegetable cellar to take care of the unusually large crops which he had been urged to raise. But it aided in making Otto's life at Andover still more unpleasant.

With the introduction of military training at Andover the interest in the detective game ceased. At first the training was taken up by

but a few of the older boys; but it finally became epidemic and all but a few took part in it. Eimer was one of the few who did not join the battalion. He had written to his father in regard to the matter and his father had replied telling him to do as he thought best; but that he himself had seen so much of the military life in Germany that he had had enough of it; in fact, one reason why he had left there was to get away from it and a people who were entirely too much influenced by it. He further stated that what was done in the school would not be of any great help in case that he wished to volunteer for actual service later. A few weeks in a real army camp would teach him more of the life and duties of a soldier than he would learn in a year where only a few hours a week could be devoted to the training.

But the introduction of the training led to an effect which had not been at first foreseen. It became at once evident that the ordinary school athletics and the military work could not both receive an amount of attention nec-

essary to make either a success, and a sharp division arose in the school between those who wanted the one or the other to be dropped. As the boys were human, those who saw some chance for glory on the field of football were eager that it should be retained; while those — and they were vastly in the majority — who saw more hope for prominence upon the field of Mars urged the call of patriotism. Finally a mass meeting was held in which the question was fervently discussed; and Warren Hastings would himself have felt humiliated at his own modest boast if he could have heard the impassioned declamations of the schoolboys. There was one youth in particular who won a laurel crown (to be sure, the laurel was quite ephemeral) by the picturing of his own patriotism. Nothing could exceed his ardor for the fray. Nothing would stop his plunging into battle. He would be the first to shoulder his musket at the call of his country's need, and offer himself as a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. He and a few of the audience were moved to tears by the elo-

quence of his oratory; and a vote immediately following was almost unanimously in favor of giving up all athletics for the military training.

The fact that upon this occasion Otto voted in favor of the military party was at once commented upon by the amateur detective group. It required some explanation in the light of the fact that he was by this time pretty firmly believed to be a German spy. But the explanation was finally given and accepted. He was to act as though he was in sympathy with the movement to divert suspicion from himself and at the same time to enable him to make reports to the German Government in regard to the condition of the troops (the Academy boys) in Andover. In the minds of the great majority of the students there was no doubt that this was the true explanation. The fact that he did not himself drill was still further evidence of his duplicity.

You can imagine what a life he must have led during the next few months of his stay at Andover.

In the spring Andover equipped an ambulance for use at the front and at the same time sent over a group of boys who expected to be employed in driving ambulances and other motor-vehicles for the Allies. Again Eimer wrote to his father asking for permission to join the group; and again his father advised him to keep on with his work till the end of the school year. But soon after school closed in June another ambulance squad started for the service (of just what sort it was not very clear) and this time Otto was among the number. He had had some difficulty in getting accepted as one of them on account of his supposed connection with the German Government; but when an investigation was made in regard to what his activities had really been, and it was found that he had been earning money to send to the relief of Belgium, it was thought there was more evidence in favor of his loyalty to the Allies than against it. But there was one way in which he had deceived the people at Andover; he did not have the least idea of becoming an

ambulance-driver. He was old enough and strong enough to make a fighting man, and as soon as he landed in France he at once tried to enlist in one of the actual fighting divisions.

It is remarkable how many people who supposed that they were in perfect physical condition failed to pass the army requirements. Eimer had never had the least idea that he had any trouble with his eyes or with his feet. But examination after examination revealed the fact that one of his eyes was so bad that it alone would debar him from almost any form of military service, and that he had "flat-foot." He had played football, he had done hard work on the farm, and had never been conscious of any trouble with his feet.

It was a keen disappointment to him, for while he had not talked much about his desire to aid in the Great War, he had felt the thing more than most, and now it looked as though he would have to content himself with a dangerous and rather uninteresting position. But he got transferred from the ambulance to

munition trucks and felt that he was a little nearer being "in it."

When the United States entered the war he was sure that as he was already over there, some place would be found for him among the fighting men. But the United States tests were even more rigid than those which had found him wanting; and his chagrin was but increased when he later found some of his old schoolmates in the line. One of them had also had difficulty in getting enlisted and understood the ways and means better than Otto did. He made the suggestion that if any one really did want to be in the thick of it and did not care very much with whom and how he got there, the Foreign Legion was always a last resort. Otto had heard of the Legion, though few men know the worst of it, or the best of it, till they have been in it.

To join the Foreign Legion is a somewhat different affair from joining a dancing-class. There is probably no body of men who drill harder or fight harder than the Foreign Legion; but it is probably also true that there is

no military organization in the world which boasts of a larger percentage of its members who deserve hanging than does this particular body. There are some gentlemen among them, men whom chance and misfortune rather than crime have driven to these ranks; but the most of them are, or were, more of the type to be found among the criminal class; and among the more hardened members of that class. And yet rather than not be in the fighting at all, Otto chose to cast his lot with these in the hope that he would soon be sent to the front.

As far as I know he is still with them, for though the peace has been signed by France, I have seen no mention of his return to America. Even among a set of men where heroism of a military kind is the most common quality, he has more than once been mentioned for conspicuous bravery; and some of the crosses which are being thrown around so promiscuously are pretty apt to stick to him, if they have not already done so. But of all the Andover boys whose careers in the

Great War I have been able to follow, there is none to whom more honor is due than to "the spy": and as far as I know the boy-orator of the school, whose bursts of verbal patriotism were so eloquent, did nothing.

THE LANDLADY

THE DODO became extinct about the year 1700; the Great Auk, about 1850; and of the Passenger Pigeon and the Andover Landlady but a few individuals survive.

The passing of any form of life always brings with it a certain amount of sadness. The dodo and the auk were certainly not things of beauty. I do not know that they had any particular use, as far as human economy is concerned. I do not know what possible interest I can have in their survival. But I am sure that I would greet with real enthusiasm any explorer who would assure me that he had run across a living specimen of either on some lone island of the ocean. I might later be in the frame of mind of Montaigne when he declared that, than for him to believe that certain reported impossibilities were so, it were easier for him to believe the witness to be a liar. But for an instant I am sure that my heart would "leap up."

And yet all of these forms have succumbed to inevitable laws of nature. They were each suited to the particular environment in which they were found; undoubtedly they had evolved from previously existing somewhat similar forms. But some new factor was introduced into the environment of each, and each has largely, if not entirely, passed away. The rapidity of their going is in some cases almost incredible. About a century ago a single flock of wild pigeons in Kentucky was estimated to have contained two and a quarter *billion* individuals; and a quarter of a century ago the landladies in Andover must have been fully five times as numerous as they are to-day.

Curiously the factor which has brought about the extermination, whole or partial, of all four was the same. It was man in the rôle of the Dutch colonist which caused the extinction of the dodo on the island of Mauritius; it was man in the rôle of the hunter that killed most of the auks and pigeons; and it was man in the form of the teacher and house-proctor

that has had the most to do with the passing of the landlady. In the cases of the dodo and the auk I can see no reason for their survival; though in the cases of the other two some plea might be made for their *raison d'être*. But the inevitable has come to pass, and while a few specimens may linger on for generations, their ultimate going is foredoomed.

It has been a source of regret and irritation to ornithologists that no specimens of the dodo have been preserved. Not only that, but no picture or description in which any great confidence can be placed has come down to us. There are pictures and descriptions; but they differ in so many details that a "reconstruction" is impossible. Hence I have thought it my duty here to leave a sketch of at least one of the Andover landladies, so that future readers of the history of the great school may have some idea of her place in its life.

It has only been during the last fifth of its existence that Phillips Academy has had any dormitories. To be sure there were the Commons. But the words "commons" and

“dormitories” do not bring the same picture to the minds of those who were familiar with both; and the one cannot be classed with the other. I presume that at the time of their building the Commons were looked upon as models of architecture and convenience. But times and tastes have changed, as an inspection of some of our other buildings will convince you. From this condition of lack of dormitories it was necessary for the hundreds of students who came year by year to the school to room in private houses in the town, and the keepers of these places of abode were known as “landladies.” They were all under license from the Trustees of the Academy and no boy was allowed to room in a house which did not have such official recognition.

I presume that notwithstanding the lack of agreement among the pictures and the descriptions, all dodos were practically alike, which may be explained by the fact of their having had a similar ancestry. In the cases of the landladies there was no such similarity of origin. They were of all types and of all condi-

tions. The first known of the species were natives of the town in which the school is located. But as the school grew and the prices which could be obtained for rooms increased almost proportionally, migratory ones arrived, who from various motives settled in the town for one or more years. Often it was the case of a mother desirous of having her son secure what was then known as an "Andover fit," and hoping to be able to earn enough to provide the "fit" and perhaps the college education later. There were others who came simply because they had to earn their livings in some way, and the Andover way seemed to have fewer objections than any other.

In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five the name of Mrs. Dinsmore was added to the list of landladies, and her address was given as Salem Street. The last of one of the old Andover families had passed away, and a house which had not before been available for rental came into the market and had been secured by Mrs. Dinsmore for the purpose of letting rooms to the students. She had learned

of the Andover house-system from one of the school alumni living in her native town in New York; and as circumstances rendered it necessary for her to increase her limited income, she had thought the matter over and decided that the Andover system possessed possibilities of which she might well avail herself. So the house had been rented and furnished, the necessary license secured, and, by the time that the school was ready to open for the fall term, all of her rooms had been engaged and a sufficient number enrolled to insure the success of the "small and select table" which she intended to run in connection with her house.

The lady herself did not have a particularly attractive personality. Though of a generosity of figure which would seem to argue for a similar generosity in regard to diet, there was a lack of the "motherliness" which usually accompanies figures of such ample proportions. The face had a fat craftiness which to the more experienced would have indicated the wisdom of having all financial transac-

tions “signed, sealed, and witnessed.” But the boys in search of board and rooms were not particularly skilled in the reading of character, and the newness of the room-furnishings did much to make the new house attractive. And then there was Lu.

Lu was the daughter. She was still in the early twenties, and that which in the mother had become formless fat was in her a plump rotundity not unpleasing. Her face was one which would not have scored many points in a beauty show in which the judges were pure classicists; but it still had a good-nature and jollity which counted with her youthful critics for more than perfection of detail. Yes; there is no doubt that Lu was a drawing card and was being played skillfully. Without there being any definite thing of which the critics could say, “In this hath she exceeded the bounds of decorum,” yet she had a follow-me-laddie way with her which was a potent factor in the rapid filling of the places at the table. Her mother noticed that terms were much more readily agreed upon by the searchers

after food and shelter when Lu was in the room than when she was not: and in the assignment of seats in the dining-room the mother observed, with satisfaction rather than jealousy, that the seats at Lu's end of the table were much more popular than at her own.

One would have thought that with the smiles and frowns of the fair Lu as rewards and punishments for the good and the bad, there would not have been much trouble in the way of what the school has officially classified as "house disorder." But there are always a few boys in any school group who are neither "twosers" nor "fussers," and to such Lu's charms made no appeal. And there were times when the presence of Lu was an incentive to, rather than preventive of, indecorum. A boy at the daughter's end of the table would arise as he finished his meal, and bowing low to Mrs. Dinsmore, with all the outward formality of which she was so fond, remark, "Madam, may I hold your daughter's hand for the next half-hour?" She being

unable to hear what had been said, and naturally supposing that he was asking for her permission to withdraw, would give a smiling assent, to the joy of all the boys who had been near enough to hear the question: and if Lu's smile could not be interpreted as an assent to the proposal, it certainly could not be interpreted as a reproof.

Matters were not helped much by attempts to instill into the youth that courtesy in which they at times seemed to be so lacking. A little talk which she gave them upon Sir Walter Raleigh and still more ancient models of deportment did but result in her being addressed for the whole of the following day by no titles less courtly than "Sweet one" and "Fairy queen." Conscious of her weight of nearly two hundred pounds, she doubted the sincerity of the words; but an appeal to the Principal was necessary in order to undo the results of the lesson in etiquette.

In the winter term the table (by which was meant the food served thereon) became the subject of decided criticism. It was said to

have “gone off.” This did not mean that it had developed the powers of locomotion, but simply that the quality was not so good as it had been before. The food had really not “gone off” at all. But the boys were becoming a little tired of that monotony of diet which seems to be an inevitable necessity when catering to a large number. Curiously, the attempts to relieve the monotony were the causes of the most criticism, so that a committee of the boys boarding with Mrs. Dinsmore at one time waited upon the Principal and made formal complaint that the oranges served were invariably sour, and that on those occasions when duck was provided for the boys’ table the white meat was never served, it being evidently kept back for the private enjoyment of the mother and daughter. An investigation showed that the “oranges” were the then but little known yet much more expensive grapefruit. No attempt was made to answer the boys’ criticism of the duck. It was felt that the parents would undoubtedly soon be informed of the outrage

and that it would be too bad to deprive them of the laugh.

The disorder which existed in the dining-room was reflected and magnified in the rooms above. A house in which the sweet, feminine influence was supposed to have tamed the breasts of the young savages therein was fast acquiring the reputation of being the worst on the Hill. It became an accepted belief that if there was no noise in the house after eight o'clock in the evening, it was because none of the boys who belonged there were where they belonged. Not a single boy in the house was entirely free from conditions and some were conditioned in more than half their work. One boy had already been dismissed for disorder and low-standing and it looked as though all of the rest might follow him.

Mrs. Dinsmore's attempts to maintain order in the house had not been successful. Upon one occasion when the noise had exceeded that which she had become accustomed to recognize as allowable, she had

rushed (as well as one of her figure could perform so impetuous an act) up the stairs and into the room in which the noise seemed to have been focused, only to find that the room was apparently empty. A protruding shoe revealed the whereabouts of the culprits. And so she seated herself upon the bed, saying that she would stay there till the offenders came forth and declared themselves. But she was hoist by her own petard. For she had no sooner seated herself than the mattress began to heave and slide in a way which made the retaining of her seat difficult and of her dignity impossible: so that Lu had hastily to summon the Principal in order that the weight of his influence might be used in quieting the disturbance. Fortunately, the Principal was able to maintain his dignity and impress upon the boys the seriousness of their offense, though the "seriousness" of it was not the phase which appealed to him at the time.

It was evident that something would have to be done if the house were to remain open, and at last Mrs. Dinsmore suggested that she

would be glad to furnish board and room to any of the teachers who would be willing to room in the house and so aid in the preservation of order. As there were several of the faculty rooming in the Commons at the time, it seemed wise for one of them to avail himself of the opportunity to improve his room and board and lessen his expenses, and Mr. Colby was the one who accepted the opportunity.

Perhaps the selection of Mr. Colby was not the wisest choice that could have been made for the purpose. He was very much of the “gentleman and scholar”; but he was not in any way sophisticated in the ways of youth, either male or female. Still he was conscientious, and it was not long before the house became more normal. That is as far as the boys were concerned. But the coming of a young man of twenty-five had put new ideas into the heads of both the mother and daughter. He was made to feel very much “at home.” Little special dishes were provided for his private consumption; Lu would timidly knock at his door late in the evening and offer him a glass

of warm milk or some dainty confections prepared by her own fair hands; and do it with a shrinking modesty which he found very attractive. He was not only glad of the attention, but also glad of the power to contradict those stories which he had heard in regard to her flirtatious tendencies. Surely he was in a position to judge, and he knew what he knew.

With the idea of making some little return for the kindness with which he was being treated, in the course of a few weeks it became Mr. Colby's habit to drop into the private sitting-room of the house and spend a few minutes each evening in conversation with the ladies. They would ask his advice in regard to what books they should be reading. Books read would be discussed; and it was not very long before it became almost a habit for him to read to them for a while, from books either of his own or of Lu's choice. Her choice was almost invariably poetry, and that of a most romantic nature. Evidently Mrs. Dinsmore did not share her daughter's taste, as her stays in the room became of shorter

and shorter duration, she finding it necessary to finish some uncompleted task in the kitchen. But Lu would listen as long as he could spare the time to read, and listen in a way which would have made the young man blush, if not tremble, if he had been able to observe her. But with his habit of intense application to the work in hand, his eyes were so firmly fixed upon the printed page that he was quite unconscious of the words which her eyes were shrieking to him. It was evident that more heroic methods would have to be used.

The climax came in the spring term. Mr. Colby had been forced by the failing light of the sun and the unlighted condition of the lamp to take his seat for reading upon a sofa which was near a western window. He was reading (by request) some of Blunt's "Love Sonnets of a Woman," and had just completed the lines,

"That first strange day, when by a sudden kiss
We learned each other's secret and awoke."

He certainly was awakened. The fair one had flung herself into his lap and there reposèd

apparently in a dead faint. He had not had time to deposit his sweet burden upon the couch and call for help when the form of Mrs. Dinsmore appeared in the doorway. There was no sign of alarm upon her face; but rather one of pleasure and satisfaction. Things were evidently shaping themselves as she had planned them. All that she had to do was to give her blessing.

Mr. Colby greeted the mother with relief, if with some embarrassment, and at once told her that he thought that her daughter must have fainted.

“Joy does not kill, George. I presume that I must call you that now. And in this case I do not think that Lu has even fainted. Have you, dearest?”

“No, mother. I could lie here forever!”

But she did n’t. For by that time, George, who was no fool, had sized up the whole situation, and, having deposited Lu upon the sofa, left the room.

About half an hour later there was a rap at his door, and upon his opening it one of the

boys informed him that Mrs. Dinsmore would like to speak to him in the sitting-room. Already more than disgusted with the whole affair, he descended and listened to a tale of imagination which changed his disgust into indignation. He was asked what his intentions were; if he proposed to act honorably in the matter; what he had meant by rushing out of the room in that way after he had said what he had said to Lu; and other questions of a like unmistakable import.

“Madam,” he replied, “I have said nothing to your daughter which would give you any ground for making the remarks which you are now making. For the few minutes immediately preceding your entrance, I had said nothing to her, except the words from the printed pages which she requested me to read to her. I have no intentions in regard to her, except that in the future I shall avoid seeing her whenever possible.”

The woman began a speech of mingled pathos and indignation in which her widowed condition and her daughter’s fair name were

equally prominent: her daughter knew what she had heard, and she knew what she had seen. But George did not wait for its conclusion. He immediately marched over to the Principal and gave him a full account of the whole proceeding. Again the Principal was more moved to mirth than tears. But he was able to tell George not to worry over the matter: he would see Mrs. Dinsmore and straighten it out in the morning.

Evidently he did so. For in the course of the next few days the widow and the love-lorn maiden departed, and George took charge of the running of the house for the few remaining weeks of the year.

It was always supposed that the Trustees of the Academy bought all the rights and furniture of the departing ones. If so, it must have been quite an item of expense. Perhaps that was the reason that they immediately began to raise money for the erection of dormitories; not so much for the better housing of the boys as for the better protection of the younger teachers.

AN AFFAIRE DU CŒUR

GIVEN a certain community. Found in it a school for boys. Allow a few years to pass. An educational institution for young ladies will be established in the same town or its immediate vicinity. Such are the facts. The theories and explanations to account for them cannot be stated so briefly.

The argument that a region in need of a boys' school is also in need of one for girls sounds plausible. But the school for the boys is seldom founded for the boys of that particular community. Ninety per cent of them come from out of town, and a similar condition exists in regard to the girls in their school. It is the schools which have brought the pupils to the town and not the needs of the town which have brought the schools to it. Sometimes the situation is met boldly and truthfully by the statement that the presence of one will draw students to the other. But while this is a truth, it is not a very impor-

tant truth, as the number of the pupils so drawn to either of the institutions is not very large. Occasionally, however, there is an avowed and definite purpose in bringing the young ladies to the region which is already occupied by the students of the other sex; and such was the case when Abbot Academy was placed in the little New England town which had already been made famous by its possession of Phillips Academy and the Andover Theological Seminary.

It was understood that the young ladies were to be so educated as to make wives properly qualified to go forth into the mission fields with the young men who were being trained in the Theological Seminary. The plan "ganged a-gley." The number of Abbot girls who marry theologs has always been surprisingly small. But Phillips has shown a better appreciation of the sister institution, and while the number of actual marriages between the alumni and the alumnae has not been very great, the number of fast and furious flirtations has been considerable. It is

with one of these many flirtations that we are concerned, though I do not think that this one would be styled as either fast or furious.

Before coming to Andover, Fred Baker had spent the first seventeen years of his life in Brooklyn. He was a fairly normal boy; that is, he was moderately active in athletic and scholastic performances, though perhaps a trifle sub-normal in social activities.

A boy brought up in a large city is apt to run to one of two extremes; he will either be over-sophisticated or under-sophisticated. The factor determining which of these conditions will prevail is the nature of his parents; but not by the process of heredity so much as by their present social activities. Given parents who are constantly going to dinner-parties, theater-parties, and week-end parties, the child is influenced by their example, and the ever-present desire to appear older than he is leads him into the imitation of their performances. Given parents who are inclined to spend their evenings at home, and the boy will usually be found there too. Now Fred's

parents were of the latter type; and the result was that Fred arrived at Andover with but little knowledge of the ways of the world as it lay outside of his immediate family, and particularly ignorant as to the ways of the feminine portion of this world.

Fred had never attended but one "party" in his life, and his attendance at that had not been exactly voluntary. One of his school classmates had had the unavoidable misfortune of having a birthday, and *his* mother, being of the social type, had insisted upon celebrating the occasion with a dance given in his honor. The boy himself did not want the dance; but as so often happens, the mother did, and hence took advantage of the boy's misfortune. It was to this dance that Fred was bidden to go. He went, protesting; and protesting most against the gloves which he was told were a necessary part of his adornment. Heretofore he had never worn gloves except as a protection against the severity of the weather; but now he was informed that it was necessary to wear them even in this

month of May. As he vaulted fences all the way to the function, under which strain even the best of kids must part, they had ceased to be things of beauty long before his arrival; but probably his hands were a little cleaner from his having worn them. He endured the three or four hours which he was compelled to spend there, gloomily. But that night he realized that it was time that he went away to school. He felt that away from home he would be safer from this new terror. Hence his arrival at Andover.

Fred never achieved prominence at Andover. Later, at college, he had what would be considered by his classmates more of a career. But in the school, though he could do most things better than the large majority of his fellows, there was no one thing which he could do superlatively well. The result was that he did not make any of the teams, and hence had a good many idle hours upon his hands. Like most of the boys he spent much of this time in purposeless wanderings toward the village center where the keepers of the

stores in which the boys were wont to congregate would assume the Satanic rôle. It was during his return from one of these almost daily trips that he was to learn that "das Ewigweibliche" is not only "ewig," but also "allgegenwärtig."

It was on a Wednesday morning. He had neither the excuse of obligation nor the excuse of his class-officer to go downtown at that time of day. Maybe that was the reason that he went. There was a sporting chance of being caught, and that appealed to Fred. So far as he knew, he had not been seen by any of those whose business it was to see him upon such occasions and the trip seemed almost a failure. Then he happened to notice that there seemed to be an unusual number of girls on the street. And finally it occurred to him that it was the Abbot Academy morning half-holiday. It was the first time that he had been downtown on a Wednesday morning. He began to observe more closely with a view to being able to add something to the conversations frequently carried on by the boys whose

experiences were somewhat larger than his own. He himself had no interest in the girls; but the knowing ones did have, and he knew the necessity of appearing knowing.

About halfway up the hill he met what he later described as "two peaches." One of them was wearing a few carnations stuck into her belt, and as he passed her he thought that he detected a faint smile flitting across her face. With the sensitiveness of the male youth he at once began to wonder what was the matter with his apparel. He examined his garments with more care than he was accustomed to bestow upon them. No sock or garter was dangling; no necessary button was shirking its function; no irregularity could be found in the tie or collar. And then he saw what had been the cause of the smile. In the buttonhole of his coat was a pink of precisely the same shade as those which the girl was wearing. He had picked it up in one of the stores and, hardly knowing that he was doing it, had stuck it into the hole.

From now on Fred's trips downtown be-

came affairs of interest. He was constantly on the lookout for the girl of the carnations. He never failed to wear one himself, and Piddington, the local florist, received a standing order to keep him supplied with them. Occasionally he would meet her; but it was weeks before he had figured out on just what days and at just what hours he would be rewarded for his devotion. But at last he was just as sure of seeing her at certain times and at certain places as he was of being "fired" from certain classrooms when he appeared there unprepared. By this time he had become bolder, and had dared to return the smile which had been given to him weeks before; and one day, when he had made sure that there was no shedragon watching, he had even raised his hat. A little later he had discovered the name of the young lady. He was walking downtown with a boy who was better versed in all things feminine than he himself was, and was a little embarrassed as he saw that they were about to meet her. His embarrassment turned to surprise if not to envy; for his friend as they

passed calmly took off his hat with an indifferent "Good-morning, Miss Young," and then coolly finished his interrupted sentence. This was the first time that he had ever heard her name, as he had never mentioned his interest in her since the first encounter. And he learned but little more now. "Frances Young is about the peachiest thing in the convent this year" was about the extent of the volunteered information. A sort of modest reverence prevented his asking more about her.

But with the knowledge of her name came another increase in confidence. The next day, instead of providing himself with a single carnation worn in his buttonhole, he carried two extra ones in his hand. They were tied together with a piece of narrow white ribbon. He had chosen white, not on account of any symbolic significance, but because he was not sure of what was really the proper color with which to tie red flowers. He knew that certain colors did not go well together, and was "playing it safe." He timed his walk so that he would be a little ahead of the fair one.

When he was sure that she was but a few rods behind him, he dropped the flowers and had the supreme ecstasy of seeing them picked up and placed over that gentle heart. For surely the heart of one so beautiful could be naught but gentle! Which shows that he had as yet traveled but a short distance in the path of learning.

But she, too, had not been idle. Fred roomed in Draper Cottage, and from his back window he had an uninterrupted view of a large portion of Draper Hall, the principal abode of the angels. For several mornings he had noticed, as he threw up his window, a brilliant red banner streaming from one of the girls' rooms. Now a red banner was not particularly attractive to an Andover boy, and he had thought little about it; and what little he had thought had not been complimentary. But the day after the episode of the united pinks, he saw not one banner but two, and the two held together with an enormous white bow. Then it dawned upon him what it meant. Miss Young, with perhaps a greater

experience than his in affairs of this kind, must have found out his name, and then by means of the Phillips catalogue discovering that they were rooming within sight of each other, had flown the color of love until even the blind had seen it. Fred's response was noble. A red shade now replaced the green one upon his lamp, and the most of his evening studying was done in the back room where the light could be seen as a pillar of fire by night. By day red blankets spread upon the window-sill took the place of the cloud. All things red which were in his room were at some time displayed from the windows of Draper Cottage. And Draper Hall was not behind in its love of color. Sofa-pillows, ribbons, even those portions of female attire which could with propriety be exposed to public view, all of the same brilliant red, floated from that one window. It was not necessary to look at the window. You could *hear* it.

During the first week in June Fred received a card inviting him to be present at the Com-

mencement exercises of Abbot Academy. Carefully drawn in red ink, two little overlapping hearts indicated who had been the sender. Again Fred responded nobly. Though it was near the end of the term, which with the schoolboy is the period of greatest financial depression, a Boston florist was given an order worthy of the occasion. It was a red-flower day as well as a red-letter day in the Abbot school history. And at the train which bore her away on the following day still more flowers of the same crimson hue appeared. And she was gone!

They had never met, had never spoken to each other. They never did. But Fred got a lot of good out of it just the same.

A RELATION

TIME, about 1885.

Andover is, as a rule, a quiet, little town. We have but few industries, and therefore but few bells and whistles. We have one line of trolley cars passing down our main street; and it is true that the peripheries of their wheels do not quite accord with the definition of a circle as taught within sound of their poundings. Of course we do have our hours of noise such as come at the times of athletic victories. But these are at fixed dates, so that when they do come we are forewarned. A noise which you expect has no dramatic significance. Being warned, you would be more disturbed if your expectations were not realized. So, as a whole, it *is* a quiet, little town. It would seem at first to be an anomalous condition. Here is a community into which has been sent five hundred of the greatest noise-makers in the world; that is, boys. Yet the evenings are more quiet than are those of most towns of its size.

The explanation lies in the fact that at certain hours of the day, or better of the night, the producers of noise are compelled to remain within their own rooms and to maintain a quiet befitting the after-curfew time in a New England village. There do come those days, in the spring especially, when certain physical causes produce certain psychological results. Some youth, more temperamental than the most, will suddenly throw aside his books, stick his head out of the dormitory window, and with all the power of his strong, young lungs yell the mystic words, "All out!" Immediately windows in other dormitories will be thrown open and more young lungs will try to prove themselves possessed of still greater strength. A rush is made into the street and soon an impromptu procession will form and make the night hideous until dispersed by those in authority. It is not of frequent occurrence. The fact that an extra number of marks is assigned to those detected in this particular form of recreation has a tendency to discourage its repetition. And

then the climax of the disturbance is reached gradually, so that it does not have the effect which a sudden outburst would.

Of all these things Robert Bruce had become sub-consciously conscious. He had come from New York where there were a continuous roar of "L" and rattle of street-car. He had never noticed them; but now that he was away from them, he noticed that the clock had stopped and for the first time became conscious that it had been ticking. He talked it over with some of his friends. They, too, were vaguely conscious of some great and imperative want in their otherwise pleasant lives. They decided that what they wanted was noise; sudden, violent, and plentiful.

It was a beautiful, spring night. A car, once in a half-hour, would go rattling down the hill. Occasionally the distant bark of a dog or the hoot of an owl could be heard. Aside from these, nothing broke the stillness. Through the windows of the Commons and houses could be seen the figures of the boys "low bending o'er a page of holy writ," or its mod-

ern scholastic equivalent. The South Church clock began to strike the hour, and before it had completed the toll of ten the school clock added its voice and assured the counters of the strokes that it was indeed time for the weary to go to rest. The last, lingering vibrations had hardly ceased, when —

Up Main Street and down Phillips Street dashed a horseman. Bells, not of the insignificant sleigh variety, but of the dinner, almost the factory, type, dangled from the sides of, and beneath, the horse. The rider, making what noise he could with his mouth — and that was no small item — was shooting off revolvers as fast as he could fire them. He must have had several all loaded, for there were more than two dozen shots fired and yet there was no time to stop and load. In the middle of the campus some one was rapidly changing the shape of a tin wash-boiler by the sturdy and repeated blows of a baseball bat. From near each of the rows of Commons buildings other boys were abusing other metallic masses in other ways. From somewhere

else on the campus dozens of cannon-crackers were exploding. For two minutes Noise was King of the May. And then absolute silence. Except for one boy's giving a feeble, discouraged yell from one of the open windows, the town was as it was before the coming of the King. And no man knew whence he came or whither he went.

TIME, thirty years later.

The evening study-hours in Phillips Hall had progressed as usual. There had been a little passing through the halls; an occasional sound of a voice *not* being used in conning the morrow's lesson. There seemed to be a little disturbance in the lower hall. It passed along to the rear of the hall and into the bathroom. It became a noise; it became a disorder. I stepped to the head of the stairs and said, "Stop it, and go to your own rooms." One by one half a dozen boys came from the darkness into the light. I asked the last one who appeared if anybody else was still in the room. "No, sir," he answered; "I am the last one

out." And then I noticed that Bruce was not among the number. "Where's Bruce?" I questioned. "I don't know, sir. He is n't in the bathroom." That excited my suspicions. A rough-house without Bruce was of course possible, though extremely improbable; so I decided to look him up. I went up to the floor above where his room was located; but found it empty. I called his name several times; but met with no response. Remarking, in an audible tone, "He is evidently out," I was returning to my room when I observed him sitting in the one directly opposite my own. He could not possibly have come up the stairs without my seeing him, so I remarked pleasantly to him, "You're not in it this time." He answered, "I'm here, sir." And I went in and closed my door.

The incident had disturbed my line of thought, and as I sat thinking things over three facts kept forcing themselves upon my attention: Bruce had not been in the noise-fest; he had not heard and answered my call; he had had a textbook in his hand when I at

last found him. Any one of the three incidents might have gone unnoticed. But that the three should all occur at once produced a coincidence which required explanation.

The next day I called one of the older boys into my room, and, explaining to him that it was not a matter of discipline in any way, but simply a matter of satisfying my own curiosity, I asked him if Bruce had not first climbed out of the bathroom window and then climbed up on the outside of the house by the aid of the shutters and so gained access to the room in which I had found him. "What makes you think so, sir?" I explained to him the three lines of thought which drove me to the conclusion. He grinned, and then answered, "You win. That's just what he did."

The next evening I happened to have two callers. I had just related for their amusement the incident of the night before, when there came a knock at my door, and upon my "Come in," Bruce appeared. He was a trifle embarrassed by the presence of my friends; but I introduced him and asked what I could

do for him. With a still further increase of color, he explained that he would like an excuse to go calling at Abbot Academy. As there was more than one precedent for its granting, I proceeded to make out the excuse, and as I handed it to him I remarked, "Are you going out the usual way?"

He at once said, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Well," I replied, "I think that you had better use the door. You see this building was put up over a hundred years ago, and while it was pretty well built, iron exposed to the weather will rust considerably in that length of time and the supports of the shutters might not be strong enough to hold your weight."

He smiled appreciatively, and saying, "Oh, you mean about last night, sir," went on to make his call.

My friends thanked me for the entertainment.

The relation was that of father to son.

THE EVOLUTION OF A STAR

DURING the year 1899-1900 I was out of school for four months. It was not from any desire on my part. I had typhoid; and had it bad. It was so bad that the boys interested in my absences were, with the eternally springing hope of youth, making bets of ten to one that I would not recover. I, with long practice in thwarting their plans, proceeded to get well, and was able to meet my classes again at the opening of the spring term. Twenty years later I may as well confess that I did not do it with very much enthusiasm. To take up the work with a class at so late a date was a rather hopeless task under any circumstances; but to take it up when one was so exhausted by wrestling with death that there was but little strength with which to meet the too-abundant life left, was worse. However, things went along fairly well. There were "hours of depression." But the boys realized that they were nearing the time of the ex-

aminations and did better than might have been expected. Their grades naturally suffered from the variety of their instructors; but probably the interest was greater on account of that variety.

If the classroom situation was not quite so agreeable as usual, that in the dormitory was more so. I had been in my room but an hour or two when there was a rap at my door, and upon my calling, "Come in," there appeared the most diminutive specimen of an Andoverian that I had ever beheld. Without waiting an instant, he began: "Good-morning, sir. I am a new boy, and I thought that I would come in and speak to you and tell you that we are very glad that you got well and are back, sir." There was no doubt that he was a new boy. He could not have been an old boy under any circumstances. At that time there were but few boys in school who were of the age which clothes itself in short trousers. His were undeniably short trousers. There was not even an attempt to conceal their shortness by having them made according

to the then prevalent golf pattern. And the trousers just suited the boy. He did not look as though he could be more than twelve years old, though as a matter of fact he was two years older than that; and he certainly did not weigh more than a hundred pounds.

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him in the school and particularly at his being in my dormitory. He went on and without the least self-consciousness told me, if not all, yet much about himself. His name was Dan Bell; but already his youth and general kiddishness had changed his first name to Danny. He was the representative of the third generation of his family which had come to Andover, and so though but a prep., he knew more of its traditions and customs than most of the older boys. He intended to work hard, and thought that maybe by the time he was a senior he might be able to make, not the honor-roll, but the football team. It seemed so utterly absurd to see him standing there, not yet much more than half the size of most of the members of teams, but already filled

with the enthusiasm which so distinguishes the school-days from all the other days in life. He was already seeing visions.

“Love” may be “a little thing for one short day”; but Danny’s enthusiasm was not. Many a time when he thought that he was all alone in the dormitory, I have heard him go through all the school songs and all the school cheers, with as great an ardor as though he were leading thousands. No athletic cloud was so dark but what Danny could see a lining; not merely silver, but of burnished gold studded with sparkling jewels. During the games, of every one of which he was a spectator for his first three years in school, he would work as hard as any member of the teams. You would see him straining and pushing in the grandstand, always toward the opponents’ goal. He would yell as no two other boys could possibly have yelled. Perhaps his solitary practice assisted him in this; though as an expert on boys’ noise-making capacities, and particularly those of Danny, I feel sure that the practice was un-

necessary. And at the end of a game he would cheer or weep as the occasion demanded, with more real fervor than any heeler of them all. If noise be the sign of loyalty, then he with it was full.

Being of the age of fourteen, it was not in all ways of the greatest benefit to Danny to be associated with boys who were considerably older than he. He became a sort of pet, which was not in itself a good discipline for the future years of school and college life. I know that I suffered more from some of his training than he did. I have entered the dormitory, to look up and see his head hanging down the stair-well, and upon elevating my eyes still farther, would be able to see that he was being supported by two boys each holding to one of his legs at the upper landing. Not wishing to startle them by my sudden appearance, I would be compelled to wait till they thought that it was time to place him once more in a normal position, before I could talk to them upon the meaning of "uprightness" as applied to the human boy. During my moments of

waiting I am sure that my feelings were worse than Danny's. He himself seemed to share with them the theory that this was the true way "to make him tough."

And it was not only as regards things physical that his youth made his position in a group of larger boys a condition not always beneficial. He there learned some things which he might better have learned later in life, and might best not have learned at all. There is no way to stop the gaining of this sort of knowledge. Even elaborate endeavors so to do often miscarry. I remember the case of one good lady who carefully prepared a list of "words which my son is not to use." She had the misfortune to lose the list which was later found by one of the boys in school, and he informed me that it enriched his own vocabulary. But if we cannot prevent the learning of evil, we can to some extent prevent the use of such knowledge: and that was what I tried to do in Danny's case. He naturally attempted to hasten his manly development by the use of profanity. His lack of practice in the matter

and his impetuosity of utterance made his attempts all the more noticeable, so that I felt it my duty to call him into my room and reprove him for the uncalled-for vigor of his speech. I had been giving my dog a bath that morning and I could see that Danny's interest was more in the dog and the apparatus connected with the recent event than it was in the matter of his choice of English. So I cut short my rather elaborate discourse with the remark, "And, Danny, if I ever hear you swear again, I'll wash out your mouth with dog-soap and an old toothbrush." The unpleasantness of the operation was so evidently impressed upon him by the unhappy condition of the dog that the threat was effective. I never heard him swear again.

There were times when Danny's noise-making ability did not fill me with the same amount of pleasure that it did at others. Toward the end of the school year when the nerves were a little bit on edge, I felt called upon to remonstrate with Danny as to the quantity, rather than as to the quality, of the

noise which he was making. I pictured to him my great age and enfeebled condition and told him how impossible it was for one in such a state to live in a building with such as he. I called his attention to the fact that I had been living there for a goodly number of years, while he was but a recent tenant, and that as one of us would have to leave the dormitory, I thought that it was more fitting that he should be the one. It was at the time when the boys in school were wearing the little skull caps not much bigger than postage-stamps. During the course of my remarks Danny had been twisting his cap into a still smaller volume, and at my conclusion, evidently not being provided with that article without which no interview with a stern disciplinarian should be undertaken, he was mopping his eyes with it. He said: "Please, sir, don't put me out of the dorm. If I'm fired from the dorm., my father will take me out of school; and then I'll go to the devil, just as my brother did!" I am no particular friend of the devil. But with all his cares it did seem a little

hard for him to have Danny's noise added to them, and so I kept the boy with me. I would not have put him out if he had made ten times the amount of noise that he did. But that is an idle boast, as no boy could make that amount of noise.

Such was Danny during his first two years at Andover. The third year brought a change. He had grown in a way that would have seemed impossible. He had become plenty large enough to play on a football team, though hardly large enough to be of use on the first squad. Fortunately, it was back in the good old times when the "street teams" were still matters of great interest and formed an excellent training-school for the less mature. Danny came out with all his enthusiasm and tried for quarter. Again, I am obliged to make a confession. I am quite sure that without the influence of myself and another member of the faculty he would not have made his team. But referees were scarce, and when we were asked to officiate at one of the games in which Danny's team was to play, we

refused to do it unless he was allowed to play at least a part of the time. It was not because his playing was particularly good or poor that we made this demand; but for a most unathletic reason. His voice was at the time undergoing its change from a rather high treble to a deep bass and the variety of sounds which he produced in giving the signals was what appealed to us. So he went in for the second half and did rather better than the boy who had preceded him.

When Danny returned to school in the fall of his senior year he was hardly recognizable as the boy who had left the previous June; and certainly unrecognizable to one who had not seen him for several years. He had been keeping himself in training all the summer; but instead of losing weight by the process he had gained enormously. Of course he had been growing all the time; but this summer he seemed to have stopped adding to his height, and to have spent the time in filling in. He was a perfect specimen of the stocky tackle or the line-bucking half. We would have liked to

play him at half; but we needed his weight on the line, while we had a number of backs who, if they were not quite so heavy as Danny, had rather more than his speed. So we started him in at right tackle, a position which he had never tried before.

Of course you do not expect a man who has been playing behind the line all of his football life, to come up to the tackle's position and play a perfect game. The line work and the back work are so entirely different for the most of the plays, that except for a few of the fundamentals the things which have been learned before are of but little use in the new position. But there seemed to be something radically wrong with Danny's work on the line. He appeared to do what he was told to do, but the results, whether in defensive or offense work, were always lacking. If a play was sent at him, he always was boxed, and the end and guard did not seem to be able to fill the hole until the ball had been advanced several yards. If his side was trying to advance the ball, they never did it if the play

was against left tackle or if Danny was carrying the ball, as we had planned to have him do more or less on account of his previous experience and skill in back-field work. Something was wrong.

One day things were going particularly badly. The right side of the first team seemed to be absolutely useless while the left side of the second were playing with unusual fierceness. It looked as though Danny's presence was spoiling the whole morale of those who were playing next to him. After a short consultation among the coaches, Danny was sent to the side-lines, the man who had been playing opposite to him was put in his place, and one of the better substitutes sent in to fill the vacancy thus created. Immediately there was an entire change in the situation. The right side of the first team could do anything that they wished; not a yard could be made against them, and when they wanted to gain on that side of the line they did it. And yet I knew, and most of the other coaches agreed with me, that Danny was a better man for the position

than the one who was now playing it. There was something wrong somewhere.

On the night following the coaches had a long conference. The position of right tackle was an important one. As we had planned the plays, it was necessary for it to be about the best filled on the team; and yet here it was in a worse condition than any of them. At last it was decided to keep shifting various men to this position with the hope of finally getting the best man in there, and I was detailed to make a special study of the problem of why things were going as they were.

That night, after the other coaches had gone, I spent several hours in the preparation of charts on which I indicated the various ways in which we proposed to line-up the men and the different plays which we proposed to use in trying out the tackles. I wanted some way of recording the results permanently so that I could compare them accurately. I hoped in this way to be able to see just what each man did, and did not, do.

The next day was Wednesday, which gave

us two good hours for our investigation. We at once started in on the scrimmage work, realizing that the question of the tackle must be settled before we could make our final plans for the plays. I will have to admit that my elaborate charts were unnecessary. It was perfectly evident that when Danny was played the results were not nearly so good as when his rival, MacDonald, was in the position. And yet I felt sure that Danny's work was the better of the two. I then turned my attention, not to the tackles, but to the other men of the team, and a little study of their work gave the explanation which I was after. I noticed that when MacDonald was in the line-up the men on his side of the line worked with him, and those against whom he was playing apparently let up in their efforts and let him go through about when and where he pleased. Now, when Danny was playing the position, the result was exactly the opposite; he got no aid, and the line opposite him seemed to stiffen up in a way that their playing against MacDonald made seem impossible. Here was

the explanation of why the better man was having the poorer success. A little further investigation revealed the fact that the men concerned were all particular friends of Mac-Donald, most of them coming from the town from which he came. They were eager to have him make the team, and were doing what they could to help him.

That night I had a little talk with Danny and asked him if he could offer any explanation of why his work was so ineffective. He said; "No, sir. I think that Mac must be the better man." But I could see at once that he knew, and had known all along, just what the trouble was.

The meeting of the coaches that night was a warm one. When I told them what I had discovered, they wanted at once to fire every man concerned off the team. They talked discipline, school spirit, honesty, and the like. But to drop these men meant to lose the Exeter game. It was too late in the season to teach a lot of second-string men to play even a fair game, and they would have to do more

than that if they were to win from Exeter. I said: "Gentlemen, we must play MacDonald in the position. We will give Danny what practice we can. But let it be generally understood that he is the sub, and that Mac is the first-string man. With this believed, the opposition to Danny will grow less and he will be able to get some team help in the plays. On the day of the game we will send Mac in for the first few minutes; and then take him out and play Danny as long as we can. If he does not get hurt, we're all right. If he does, and we have to send Jones in, we'll be better off than if we started with Danny. If he goes in at the start, the boys will not help him; but if Mac starts it, that will satisfy his gang, and after Danny goes in they will play as hard for him as they ever did for Mac."

That was the way in which the thing was finally arranged, and the results fully justified us. There was no doubt but that Danny was the best tackle that we had had for years. Had he been coming back he would have been elected captain of the team. He had not only

played his own position in a way that brought delight to the hearts of the old football men, but he had been down the field on punts, and all over the field on the more open plays, in a way that could be appreciated by even the uneducated.

Naturally the coaches were damned for not sending him in at first, and for not using him more in the previous games, and for not playing him at half. But we were accustomed to that. But looking back on it now, I feel convinced that our solution of the difficulty was the correct one. Most of the team did not know why things were as they were; and as long as they did not know, I do not think that they suffered by it.

Danny went to Yale and was a captain there. But he was already a star before he put on his first "Y," so that has nothing to do with his "evolution."

THE MANAGER

MY friends insist that I am growing old. They offer two distinct pieces of evidence in support of their statement. One is to quote me as saying that any young lady who is over five years of age has ceased to be interesting; and the other is to say that my constant tendency to tell how much better the things of the past *were* than those of the present *are*, is an indisputable sign that my best days are behind me.

As to the first of these statements, my answer is denial. I may in some moment of irritation at some over-mature individual have made some such statement as the one quoted; but it is not the expression of my thoughtful judgment. I am willing to confess that I know one or two ladies in the early twenties who are still charming. Such are indeed few; but the fact that there is at least one makes the statement incorrect; and hence if I cannot deny absolutely that I made it in the past I can at least repudiate it now. To

tell the truth, there is the very best of evidence that whatever my feelings in the past may have been, I can no longer claim to be interested in no young lady older than five.

As to my constantly talking the good-old-times stuff, I am inclined to think that I do see more of the good of the past than my friends do. I am willing to admit that certain changes are, on the whole, for the good; but I insist that with the good is often mingled much evil and with the general gain come decided losses. The case of our athletics is an illustration of what I mean. There is no doubt that the number of boys taking part in athletics is now much greater than it was twenty years ago. There is no doubt that we get more value for the money expended than we then did. But it is also true that we do not win as many games, that we do not get as many men on the college teams, and that we do not train managers so that they also will continue to be managers after they get to college. If you look at the record of games for the past fifteen years, you will see that Andover is

playing weaker teams than she used to play and that she is not winning as many games as she used to win. If you look at the lists of the men from Andover who make their college teams you will find that the percentage of Andover men on them is much smaller than it was in the past. If you compare the number of Andover 'varsity managers then and now, you will find a similar condition. Note I am not saying that the present system is the cause of the falling-off. But I do recall that "them was the good, old days"; and I am sorry for you who have missed them.

As far as the individual is concerned, the greatest change has come to the managers. Ten years ago the manager of the football team was almost the King of the School. Perhaps the captain was the greater man; but he was known personally but to a few. There was a dignity which hedged him round that prevented his mingling with the masses. The manager, on the other hand, had to be personally acquainted with every boy in the school. He was elected by a popular vote of

the whole school body, and not by a small circle of intimates composing the team. The captain competed with less than a dozen for his position of might and power, while for the position of manager there might be a hundred candidates. To be a captain, one had simply to be a football star: all else was forgiven him. To be a manager one had to be and do everything. He had to arrange games on his own responsibility; he had to collect money; he had to expend the money which he had collected; he had to take the teams off on trips and see that they and their impedimenta were not lost, strayed, or stolen; and as occasion required, he had to be able to jolly the student body, or even the faculty, into doing something for which there was no precedent. A boy might be pretty nearly a fool and have a fairly successful career as a football captain; but to be a successful manager required abilities amounting almost to those of a genius.

Of course few reached the high estate of managership without first having occupied the less honorable office of assistant manager.

It was for the position of assistant that the competition waxed warm. Having once gained this eminence, the next step was an easy one unless some unexpected weakness was revealed.

At a time when most of the present members of the faculty were still being taught rather than teaching, the rival candidates for the position of manager were Stu Buxton and Art Gould. I suppose that there were never two more dissimilar characters who were rivals for the same position than were these two. Stu was a "jollier." His conception of life was a joyous one. Never to do any more work than was absolutely necessary to remain in school and to spend all possible time in frivolity were the fundamentals of his creed: and few were as faithful to their code of life as he. Art, on the other hand, was of the Y.M.C.A. type. Life was to him a very earnest matter. Schoolmates who in his eyes were on the downward path were to be saved. He would somewhat tactlessly organize little parties of fellow workers who would call on

and pray with, and for, those whom they considered to be in special need. The fact that the ones in danger and their friends did not receive the visitations in quite the spirit in which they were made was, to Art, a cause for sorrow, but not for ceasing. He, too, might have had graven on his coat of arms the device of the famous American statesman, "I seen my duty and I done it"; though he would, of course, have had the grammar more correct.

As a candidate for the managership Gould had one immeasurable advantage over Buxton; he was the assistant manager. At the time of his election to that position, his earnestness of purpose had impressed itself upon the school body, and they had felt that one who did everything so seriously could not but be successful in any place. On the other hand, it was felt that Buxton could not be trusted with matters of importance. But as time went on, there came to be a belief that ability in accomplishment was a more important qualification for office than seriousness of purpose. It was seen that though Stu did make breaks,

and did seem to be spending the most of his time in the doing of the unnecessary, yet, when it came to comparing the results of the doings, those of Stu were greater than those of Art. The breaks which Stu made were of the kind to endear him to the hearts of his constituency, while those of Art were of a tactless nature which cost him the votes even of those whom he would have benefited by prayer.

As a manager of his class baseball team Stu had conceived the idea that it would be "good business" to have the young ladies of Abbot Academy among the spectators. Usually it was considered that only the "big games" were of sufficient importance to be graced by the galaxy of beauty. But Stu figured that to let them in free would not be a loss if they were not coming without that inducement, and their being there might draw a few boys to the games who might otherwise have had interests which were not present. So having (to use his own expression) "dolled himself up like a drunken shoemaker out for a holiday," he proceeded to call upon the Precep-

tress of our sister institution and to invite the girls to be present at the final championship class-game. At the end of the conference, during which Stu's choice of words must have differed greatly from his customary one, the lady gave her gracious consent to his proposal to allow her charges to attend the game without pay, and Stu made his adieu in a manner with which he himself was satisfied and pleased. And then the first difficulty arose; his hat could not be found. Search was made for it in the reception-room and in the hall. The maid who had opened the door for him was summoned, and she gave her aid in the seeking. Two of the fair ladies who had seen Stu's entrance and had been waiting to pass through the hall upon an errand to the Principal's room at the time of his departure, offered their services. And yet no hat or cap could be found. Finally, after half an hour of the fruitless searching, in which at least half a dozen of the girls had taken part, much to their own and Stu's pleasure, he remembered that he had not worn any hat.

When the school heard of the affair there was at once a sharp criticism of Stu's fitness for the task of manager. It would seem that any one who could make such a fool of himself as he had done was not one in whom the confidence of the student body could be placed. But upon a gentle insinuation that the whole thing had been a carefully thought-out plan to give him an opportunity to murmur a few sweet nothings into the ear of his beloved, the thing redounded to his credit, and it was felt that he was fitted for a higher sphere of action than that of a mere class-manager.

Stu had another experience which, while it in no way showed him to be markedly fitted for the managership, did certainly increase his popularity. But before you can understand it, it will be necessary for you to have a little better knowledge of what the duties of the manager of the past really were. One of his most important functions was the obtaining and collecting of the subscriptions which furnished the financial support for the teams. This was no easy task. The thing had devel-

oped into a sort of game in which the object of the manager was to catch the victim, and in various ways persuade him to make as large a subscription as possible to the fund which was being raised. Some time later the victim had to be caught again and the amount of the subscription extracted from him. The boys' part in the game was to dodge the manager upon every possible occasion and so escape either the subscribing or the collecting. As soon as a manager entered a dormitory every boy in it would vanish, or at least do his best so to do. They would dive into closets and under beds; they would make their ways to the attics or to the cellars; they would jump out of the windows; anything to dodge the collector. Now this was not done with any idea of shirking their just obligations in the matter of supporting the team. It was a game and was being played according to the unwritten rules.

So one night when Stu slipped into one of the teachers' houses at which boys roomed, he was not surprised to find but one boy in evi-

dence. The boy was one who had entered late and had not been interviewed by him before; so it was up to the collector to get the subscription and the cash in the one meeting. A start was made with the usual preamble in regard to school spirit, class spirit, and the necessity for supporting the athletic activities. While singing his little song of persuasion Stu had been letting his eyes roam over the furnishings of the room in an attempt to estimate the occupant's probable financial status, and whether he had better strike him for a single dollar or for two or three. He had decided that the youth was good for two, and was about to demand five with the expectation of at last getting the two, when his eloquence was interrupted. The new boy was not very large and he did not look like one who would be particularly interested in the doings or the support of any athletic organization; he looked more the poet than the athlete; hence Stu's somewhat dazed condition when he heard the words: "I am very glad of this opportunity to help along the athletics. I am not very

strong myself and so cannot do much on the field; but I would be very much pleased if you would let me make it up by subscribing a little more than the customary amount. Would it be considered at all fresh or anything if I should give fifty dollars?" That was just half what Stu had hoped to get out of the whole class. But he overcame the tendency to faint and assured the youth that he would see to it that he should suffer no inconvenience from the amount of the subscription.

Pocketing the bill, Stu glanced at his list and sneaked along the hall toward the room of the next unpaid subscriber. Fortune seemed to be with him; for while there was no light burning in the room as he softly opened the door, there was enough illumination from the hall to enable him to see a recumbent form upon the bed. Seating himself upon its edge he gently awakened the slumberer and remarked: "It's all right, old man. I reckon I've got you this time. Yours was for five." For the second time in the one evening was he made almost speechless; and that of itself was a thing

worthy of note. For from the depths of the pillow sounded a very unboyish voice: "I think that you have made some mistake. This is not one of the students, but the mother of Mrs. Usher."

Mr. Usher was the teacher who was occupying the house in which Stu was conducting his pursuit of money. His wife's mother had evidently been put in the room of a youth who had left school between the times of his making his subscription and Stu's attempt at its collection.

Stu's retreat was precipitate.

Now there was nothing in this incident that could in any way indicate that the hero of the occasion was particularly adapted to the office of manager. But it appealed to the boys' sense of humor; and I am doubtful if it did not do more to secure him votes than any of the arguments offered in his behalf.

Art made breaks too; but his were always tragedies, never comedies. On the very Sunday which Stu had been improperly using for the purpose of collecting athletic subscrip-

tions, Art had been invited to dine at the home of a member of the faculty. Filled with the memories of the tales which he had heard of the "eats" provided at this particular house, he had accepted with eagerness, and at the appointed time had gone. The hostess could have felt no less than flattered at the evidences of his approval of her table. But, as with Stu at the Fem. Sem., it was at the hour of parting that the difficulty came. Most boys in the process of making their first calls find it difficult to determine at just what moment the good-bye should be said; but Art found it impossible. Being a boy, he naturally wanted to go as soon as the eating part of the entertainment had been completed; but he could not do it. He stayed on and on. The host and hostess tried to make some opening of which he would avail himself. All was in vain. At last the ringing of the afternoon chapel bell made the going a necessity, and the teacher and Art departed for chapel together. In a moment of absent-mindedness, perhaps brought about by the mental fatigue resulting

from the entertaining, the man suggested that Art could sit with him during the service if he so chose. There would be plenty of room, as his wife had been completely exhausted by the four hours of attempted cheerfulness and had retired to her room at the departure of the chapel-goers. So they sat together and walked out of the chapel together and walked into the teacher's house again together. And there they again ate together and there they again sat together, till the eight o'clock bell once more brought the relief.

During the next few days the story leaked out. Each of the victims told it to a few friends and soon it was common property. Among the boys it did not improve the standing of Art. They did not mind the lack of decision which had been shown as much as they did what they were pleased to call the "jayishness" of his performance. They argued that such conduct as that of which Art had been guilty showed a lack of social poise and knowledge, ill-befitting one with aspirations toward the managership of a school team: and the result

was that poor Art lost as much in popularity by his hours of agony as Stu had gained by his two escapades.

As the hour of the election approached, it became evident that there were really but two candidates in the field for the position of manager; but it was also pretty evident that of the two Art was almost certain to be elected. Stu's chances were improving all the time; but there was not time enough for him to overcome the tremendous advantage which Art's assistantship gave him. It was at this stage of the affair that Stu's pal, Bart Wheeler, gave him a good piece of advice; that is, good from a political point of view. From other points its goodness was not quite so apparent. They — that is Stu, Bart, and others of their crowd — had been discussing the question of the election and Stu's chances. Bart, who was the natural politician of the group, but whom an exaggerated laziness kept from a too active application of his talents, had sized up the situation quite accurately. "Stu," he said, "if you had another

month you could put it over. But a week is n't long enough to let your reputation for idleness and frivolity die down and to let Gould's reputation as an ass expand. If you could only pull off some stunt that would make a monkey of him and not make one of you, you would win out." But nobody in the crowd seemed to be able to think of the required stunt, and so they soon separated and beat it, and the eight o'clock bell, to their rooms.

The next morning Stu was rather surprised to have his fifty-dollar friend stop him on the campus. Ordinarily Stu would not have thought of stopping to talk with one of as apparent insignificance as his new acquaintance. But the fifty dollars had made its impression, and so the two boys talked and walked a bit together. The talk naturally drifted toward the subject of the coming election and Stu was startled to find one so recently coming to the school sizing up the question of the hour in precisely the same way that Bart had done it; only in this case there was a very important addition. The youngster thought that he

had a scheme which might turn the trick. Bart was called in consultation; and by the time that the conference was over, all three boys were grinning happily.

In the evening three boys dropped into Art's room. They were not boys who had previously made it a custom to foregather there; but the times were unusual and the fact that they had for a time abandoned their more frivolous companions did not excite suspicion. The talk drifted along easily from topic to topic until it was given definite direction by the somewhat noisy passing of some girls upon the street. That incident started a discussion as to the propriety and impropriety of speaking to the ladies of unknown social position. Naturally Art was strongly opposed to any one's having anything to do with them; and for the most part the crowd seemed to side with him. But exceptions were cited. If two girls were together and you had met one of them in an informal way, should you avoid meeting the other? Art was quite decided in his opinion. To speak to any of the class was

to renounce forever any claims to the title of gentleman and to bring disgrace upon the school. The discussion waxed warm. At last one of the fellows who had not taken a very active part in the debate remarked: "Rats! No one is eternally damned for speaking to a chippy. Stu Buxton is as good as any of us, and I heard him telling a girl that he would meet her out at Allen Hinton's to-night. He'll blow her off to ice-cream, jolly her along a bit, and that's all there is in it. Come on, Dud. Let's beat it."

Most of the crowd "beat it" with them. But a few lingered on and followed the new path of the discussion which had just been opened. The path finally led to the question of their duty in the matter: and this was just the place to which the original "spotter" of the path had meant it to lead. With a real appreciation of Art's character, he had known that when an appeal to the sense of duty was made, Art would fall for pretty nearly anything. He having himself vanished and left the matter in other hands there would be little

suspicion that the thing had been framed. The framing was quite successful. Art at once saw it to be his duty to save Stu, his rival for fame, and so heap coals of fire. There was no question in his mind as to whether Stu desired to be saved or not, or of his own right to do anything which he thought best irrespective of Stu's desires. He told the boys what he felt called upon to do; and they, having accomplished their purpose, left, so as to be in time to secure favorable positions for the show which was to follow.

Just before you get to Allen Hinton's there is a particularly dark bit of the road. It is not so dark now as it used to be before the pines had been cut down. But at that time it was an ideal place for a lover's tryst. As Art approached it he could see that he was in time. Stu was hurrying along ahead of him, and a female form could be seen upon the darker side of the road, evidently waiting Stu's coming. As Stu came toward her, she left the sheltering pines, and rushing toward him with both arms outspread, threw them around

his neck, and pressed her face to his. It was time for Art to act. Hurrying forward he cried, "Buxton, stop! This must not go on." With the first sound of the alarm, the fair one gathered her skirts about her and fled into the deeper shadows. Not so, Stu. With a most startling oath (we must remember that he was acting à part and could not be held responsible for the author's language, though I am bound to say that he got off his lines with remarkable fluency and fervor) he whipped a revolver from his hip-pocket, and leaped upon the interrupter of his bliss. Then ensued the dialogue, earnest on both sides and profane on one. Stu told Art what he thought of him, what he had thought of him, and what, after the night's performance, he would think of him in the future. He told him that he had always known him to be a sneak and a coward. The last was not quite fair, as Art had stood up to the brandished revolver in a way which had really astonished the spectators of the drama. But this one was not being staged as a miracle play or for any uplift business. It was

more like the real “Death of Cæsar” and not the Shakespearean scene. The play was a part of the lives of the actors and not merely a spectacular performance. Art did his best to stem the tide of criticism and profanity. But the talk which he had outlined in his own mind seemed particularly futile. Phrases of it would make themselves heard, and would keep repeating themselves, though it was evident that they were not as oil to troubled waters. Again and again he would hear himself saying, “Stu, you have a father; you have a mother,” though at every repetition, the language with which Stu would meet the statement seemed to make the possibility of its truth more remote. Finally, Stu in desperation was driven to acknowledge that he had dozens of each; but he did not see that it was any of Art’s blankety-blank business if he had.

This was too much for the crowd lurking within the kindly shadows of the pines. They broke cover, and with them came the “lady.” Part of her ladylike apparel had been removed

and beneath her lace-trimmed hat could be seen the smiling features of him who for all time henceforth was known as "the fifty-dollar beauty." Stu put up the gun and invited the crowd to join him at Allen's. Art would n't go. He was called an "ass" and in other boyishly polite ways urged to "forget it." But he knew that he had been done and done in a way that the boys would never forget. Now that Stu's innocence was demonstrated, he began to feel that perhaps his own attitude had not been so much dictated by the desire to save Stu as to "queer" him. Art was really conscientious and not a hypocrite, and the present searching of his soul was not so pleasant a task as it usually was.

Of course when the story spread through the school, as it did through the most of it that very night, it cinched the election for Stu. And Stu made good. He was as good a manager as we have ever had; and the tide of his success carried him into a similar position at college where he made equally good. But

when you come to look the thing over, Art really ought to have had the job.

Under the present system there can be no such miscarriage of justice.

Neither can there be any such fun.

TAKING A CHANCE

It was in the year —

The use of dates is to be avoided. They are meaningless except to that class of men called historians who know more than anybody should be expected to know. If I say that a certain event happened in the year 1600, to most of you it means very little; but if I say that it happened during the last days of Elizabeth or at the time of Shakespeare, using the phrase which will best picture to the mind of the reader the conditions of the time with which the happening is concerned, I have already located the thing to even the moderately intelligent. So I begin again:

It was at the time of our hygienic transition period that Fred Weed entered the school. Of course, to the densely ignorant, that phrase fails to locate the event. But to those who have been to Andover and who have followed the course of the school's development, it will recall the days when the

use of the bathtub came to be looked upon as the right of every student and not a privilege to be granted only to the wealthy few. For years the boys who roomed in the Commons and in some of the more pretentious buildings had been accustomed to the primitive English methods of bathing, or even, in the summer months, to the still more primitive use of Pomp's Pond. But now the splashing of water and the grunts of the bathers came to be familiar sounds to the residents of the school dormitories; but not to all the residents. There were some buildings that still lacked adequate bathing facilities; and it was in his effort to alleviate this lack that Fred first achieved notoriety in the student body.

Fred was not naturally a mechanical genius; but in common with a good many of the rest of us, he was not conscious of his limitations. Failure in past results never daunted his new endeavors. And he was sure that he could build a "bigger, better, busier" bath than any which were at that time in use in the Commons. His idea as to the structure was

obtained from an advertisement in the magazines of the hour in which there was being advertised some sort of a contraption to enable one to "take a Turkish bath at home." The thing as pictured seemed to be a sort of cloth box stretched upon a wooden frame, and capable of being opened vertically into two halves, so that the user could gain access to the interior. A high stool and an alcohol lamp heating a pan of water below, and a hole for the neck in the upper side of the affair seemed to be the only other essentials. The thing looked easy. But Fred had found it still easier to construct the box without any vertical division, he gaining access by tilting it to one side a little, till he could wiggle his head through the opening in the top.

The time chosen for the trial and dedication of the new structure was the traditional Saturday night. A few friends had been invited to witness the demonstration. The lamp was lighted, the stool and pan of water arranged, and Fred got into the box or clothed himself in the garment, and seated himself

upon the stool. In a few minutes the water began to boil and the room as well as the bath was filled with the steam of its boiling. More than that. As the temperature of the bath increased, the alcohol of the lamp vaporized more rapidly; that, in turn, made the heat still greater, so that it was not very long before Fred realized that the thing was being overdone; and he also. But no way had been provided to lessen the heating process. He dared not kick the thing away for fear of upsetting the lamp and setting fire to the building. Indeed, now that the flame was getting higher he dared not make any movement which might bring him into more intimate contact with the heated things. He appealed to the spectators for aid. But they thought that the show was more interesting as it was and refused to interfere in any way with the comedy which might become a tragedy. At last Fred carefully and painfully drew his scorched and smarting limbs to the top of the stool, made one supreme leap, and landed, ballet-skirt and all, in a confused mass upon

the floor. Lamp and guests were put out, and the remains of the new device rammed into the stove.

It was in the physics classroom that I first became acquainted with Weed. Professor Graves was suffering from one of his frightful colds, and I was meeting those classes of his which did not conflict with my own for the few weeks that he was confined to the house. One would have thought that in an experimental subject such as physics, the boy would have done particularly well. But he did not. He was of much more than average ability, yet his grades were never much above the passing mark and often considerably below it. In a certain way he was too much interested in the course. I remember that the subject which was being considered when I took charge of the class was the matter of elementary mechanics with which most textbooks of physics are usually prefaced. Fred became so interested in the matter of pulleys that he paid scarcely any attention to the other "simple machines." And, as always, his inter-

est expressed itself in an immediate, practical application of the principles involved. His rooms became a network of cords and pulleys; devices by which, without moving from his bed, he was able to adjust his windows and the draughts of his stove, dump the ashes and unlock his study-door. But having paid less attention to the chapters on the wedge and the lever, he had failed to arrange any machine which would force him out of bed in the morning: and the result was that he had already accumulated a goodly number of chapel absences.

But his interest in the application of the laws of physics was subjugated to his interest in hygiene. It was at the time when the fresh-air cures of Saranac were exciting such interest. (Notice how much better that fixes the time than if I had given the exact date.) Fred was signing all of his letters, "Yours for better health," and in other ways showing that he too was being affected by the slogan of "Better air and more of it!" The most interesting of these ways was in the building of his

substitute for an open-air sleeping-porch. To those of us who were familiar with the imperfect jointing of the Commons woodwork, his work seemed to be one of super-ventilation if not one of super-irrigation. The Commons were of course provided with no "sleeping-porches": in fact, they had no porches of any kind, the nearest approach to such an architectural feature being a little recess about two feet deep and five feet wide in front of the entrance. However, that was not a very serious omission upon the part of the designers, as nobody would have dared to use them if they had been provided. They would have been open to many objections, such as snowballs, pails of water, and more substantial missiles. But Fred was convinced that his need of more air was imperative, and at once set about the construction of a contrivance to give it to him. His device this time consisted in the elevation of the legs and an elongation of the upper part of his bed, so that when it was pushed against the open window the end upon which his head was to repose projected

about two feet beyond. So far as the bed itself was concerned, the device was all that could have been demanded; but in pushing it into its place the various cords and pulleys with which the window was connected were so disturbed that in the small hours of the night some of its moorings became loose, with the result that it was able to convert itself into a very fair imitation of a guillotine, landing with all its weight upon Fred's neck. The neck did not break; but some of the glass in the window did, so that it no longer became necessary to put one's head out of the window in order to obtain an abundant supply of fresh air.

I do not believe that the incidents of the bath and the window were the cause of his lessening interest in things mechanical: Fred's mind was not one which is discouraged by obstacles. But his attention was now called by his instructors, perhaps with unpleasant emphasis, to the condition of his grades. He was passing in scarcely a single study; and yet he was by no means ignorant

in regard to the subjects of the texts. The truth was that concerning certain parts of all of his courses Fred knew more than the others in the classes; but there were certain parts in each subject about which he knew absolutely nothing, and the examinations seemed to him to deal chiefly with those parts. Instead, however, of "getting up" the portions in which he was most unknowing, he attempted another method of securing passing grades. He made what he thought to be an exhaustive and scientific study of the subject of "doping-out" the examinations. "In the bright lexicon of youth" "doping-out" is defined as guessing and anticipating the questions which are to be asked upon the examination which is before you, and confining your preparation to those questions alone. Given age and experience, the thing can be done with an incredible certainty; and hence the success of some of the "tutoring schools." But while a boy may by accident stumble upon a few of the questions, he seldom has that knowledge of the values concerned and of the eccentricities of the ex-

aminer, which are essential to complete success.

Fred's attempts at "doping" were not for the most part of a nature to encourage one in their continuance. But the few good guesses which he did make were the only ones which he remembered, and by the end of the year he was so firmly wedded to his system that he would use no other. During the spring term his grade in physics was between forty and fifty, and Professor Graves and I both warned him that he had practically no chance of passing the college entrance examination, to say nothing of the school final. The school "final" consisted of several old college papers, and by the time that the results of these were in his hands, Fred was inclined to agree with us. In not a single one had he obtained a mark of forty per cent. His other studies were in a little better condition; but if he got into college at all, it would be necessary for him to pass his science.

On the night before the science examination Fred called on me in my room and asked me if

I would tutor him. I at once told him "no"; and gave two reasons. One was because he did not have enough knowledge of physics to make it worth while to spend the time on it; and the other was because I never tutored.

"But," said Fred, "I don't want to be tutored in physics."

"What do you want to be tutored in?"

"Botany."

"Have you ever studied botany?"

"No; but the fellows say it's a cinch, and I think that I would have a better chance in that than I would in physics."

"Do you mean to say that without ever having studied the subject at all, you are going to try to pass the college examination?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you think I have a chance?"

I considered the matter a minute. Then I said, "As a matter of educational policy, I do not approve of your proposal; but as a sporting proposition, it appeals to me."

I turned to my desk and wrote six items upon a sheet of paper and handed it to him.

“Here,” I said, “are some topics. Look them up as thoroughly as you can in the time which you have. Here is a textbook. I am inclined to think that you will stand a better chance in the botany than you will in physics.”

He did. He drew four out of the six questions upon the next day and secured a higher mark in botany than he did in any other study.

The ways of getting into college are strange and many.

The next year we ceased to give the course in botany as one of the college-preparation courses.

THE MARK

I PRESUME that there are no animals which undergo so long a period of infancy as do those of the Genus Homo. In his early youth the human infant is the object of constant care and flattery; almost, of adoration. He is protected from the results of his own rash experimentations with fire, water, and food. The match is removed from his tiny fingers; he is rescued, dripping but still uninjured, from the pond; the pangs of imperfect digestion, brought about by dietary indiscretions, are relieved by paregoric. Instead of being punished, he is more often flattered into the belief that what he has done was an act of unusual precocity and worthy of great praise. As he gets older, he is allowed to indulge in a certain lawlessness in regard to his treatment of others, secure in the knowledge that all will be forgiven him and that he, and he alone, is to be immune from unpleasant retribution. The result is that he often arrives at Andover

peculiarly adept in the art of making things unpleasant for others and remarkably unknowing in the art of protecting himself from attacks directed against him. Though by no means a "fool," he "is wise in his own conceit," and his wisdom leads to his undoing.

Tom Emmons was an only child. This was a fact for which he could in no way be held responsible; but it was one of very great importance in his development. As he was still considerably under the age of twenty-one, an age at which the law makes it possible, if not imperative, for a youth to declare himself to be no longer an infant, he was still under the protection of his parents. At least he had been so till he arrived at Andover. There, certain protection to which he had been accustomed, seemed to cease. The little "practical jokes" which had met with so much laughter and approval at home were now met with counter-jokes such as he had not before experienced. The placing of a small piece of ice in the bed of one of the boys in the dorm. had resulted in his having his own bed flooded with several

pails of water at an inconvenient hour of the night: the putting of salt in the sugar-bowl at his "eating-joint" had resulted in his having some unknown substance mixed with *his* food. The effect was not so immediately evident as that of the salt, but its final results were terrific. In the protecting environment of his home the literal meaning of the word "retaliate" had not been called to his attention. Now, both inside and outside the classroom, he was gaining a fuller appreciation of its meaning.

It did not take Tom very long to come to a more perfect understanding of school ethics; at least as far as his relations to the student-body were concerned. I will not attempt to codify the laws which govern the conduct of the individuals in such a community: they are too varied and too varying. But the things which Tom had been accustomed to look upon as clever were here regarded as simply "fresh"; and while there were occasions when a trick could be played with impunity and applause upon an individual, it was considered

much better form to plan the affair so that the victim himself was responsible for his humiliation and did not have it thrust upon him. The thing was to make somebody "bite" and not to force the bitter morsel down his throat.

As I came up Main Street one evening I was struck by the appearance of a youthful human figure seated lengthwise upon the window-sill of one of the upper windows of what was then the Blunt House. The attitude was itself peculiar, and, for a student in the early hours of the evening, still more so: for he seemed to be immersed in a book which rested in his lap, and so deeply immersed that he gave no sign of consciousness of the various greetings which were hurled at him by the passing boys. Suddenly he gave a lurch, and with no effort at saving himself, fell headlong to the ground beneath. The thing was well done. More than half of the spectators of the fall rushed to the aid of the unfortunate. But, alas, nothing could revive him. You cannot *revive* that which has never lived: for the "human figure" was only human in appearance,

being really nothing more than a dummy, ingeniously and elaborately made with the aid of the stage properties of the school dramatic organization. A couple of boys rushed out of the house, seized their "beautiful doll," and soon the scene was once more staged for a new audience. I waited till the thing had been tried on several groups of the passing pedestrians. Then the knowledge of its character became too common property and the last fall brought no shrieks of horror and but slight applause.

But Tom had at last "pulled off" something which had the unqualified approval of the school.

The next evening the thing was varied a little. It could no longer be worked upon the people of the neighborhood, for the success and fame of the "tragedy" were too widespread to permit of its being shown in the same place again. But with a slight shifting of the scenic arrangements the result was even better than before.

As a trolley-car came dashing down the

hill, three boys started to cross the street. They had plenty of time to get across before the car could reach them, even though the middle one of the three seemed to be a little lame and clumsy. But imagine the horror of the motor-man and of the inmates of the car when, just as the three were upon the track, the middle one stumbled and fell, and his companions had barely time to jump into safety before the car was upon them. The brake was jammed on hard; but even its screechings were drowned by the cries of the passengers, profane or hysterical, according to sex of the giver. Before the excited conductor could get to the ground, the dummy was again borne off for future use. But even its excelsior constitution could not stand the strain of being run over many times by a trolley-car, and after three stagings the "star" ceased to shine.

Naturally Tom became a bit puffed up at his success as an entertainer. He adopted a knowing air and let it be generally understood that he had been born at a period far antedat-

ing the previous day and was very wise as to the ways of the world. He was of course still a schoolboy; but that was some sort of an accident. His real position was in a larger, older world than that which at present chose to do him honor.

With the opening of the spring term a new boy appeared among the occupants of the Blunt House. He had not been admitted to the school, as his letters of recommendation had not as yet been received, and his case was a little exceptional. As a rule, even in those days, students were not admitted after the opening of the winter term. But the new applicant explained that sickness had prevented his attendance at school for nearly twelve months, and he hoped to be able to finish his interrupted college preparation at Andover. From his statements as to the number of college credits which he already had and the amount of work which he still lacked to make his preparation complete, his hopes did not seem impossible of fulfillment: and he was permitted to occupy a room at the Blunt

House until his credentials had been received and his case should be finally acted upon.

The new boy gave his name as Alec Craig, and his not over-filled suit-case bore the letters "A.C. N.Y." He expected to telegraph for his trunk as soon as he received notice of his admission and in the meantime did not seem to be too proud to accept the clothing and the like which the fellows offered to lend him to help him out. Tom, as a fellow citizen in New York, was particularly generous in his offers and acts of aid; and the size of the checks which Alec drew on a New York bank made one feel that lending to him was planting seed which might later bring forth even more than a hundredfold. Indeed, Tom cultivated his new acquaintance somewhat assiduously, and soon became the authority in the school as to the wealth, social brilliancy, and athletic prowess of the stranger.

The tradesmen of the town were also loud in their praises of the new-comer. With perfect candor he had told them that he had brought no cash with him except a hundred

dollars or so for immediate expenses; but he showed them his New York bank-book in which he was credited with a deposit of two thousand dollars made but a few days ago and his check-book which showed that very few checks had been drawn against the account. The shop-keepers were only too glad to have him open an account with them, and at once supplied him with the things of which he stood in need. While other clothes were being made to his measure, he even condescended to wear a couple of ready-made suits which they altered to fit him. To them, it seemed like the "good old times" when the boys spent more lavishly and more foolishly than they had been doing in the more recent years.

Three days after Craig appeared in Andover, the most of the school went to Cambridge. It was a Saturday and the school hockey-team was to play the Harvard Freshmen. As Alec had not as yet been admitted to the school, he thought that he would improve the opportunity and spend the night with some friends in Boston. So he packed his suit-

case for the occasion and started with the most of the other boys to catch the 10.28. All of the others walked; but he, with that don't-give-a-hang-for-expense air which was so characteristic of him, had ordered a hack to take him to the station. The result was that he was left alone in the house for a few minutes after the others had departed. But they all met again in time to go in to Boston together. Again the crowd was separated, as Alec had to check his bag and make a few purchases before he went on out to the game. They planned where they would meet, and Alec borrowed twenty-five dollars of Tom, as he had forgotten to get a check cashed and would not have time to get identified at a Boston bank. Tom had already cashed several checks for him in the few days that they had been together in Andover.

Alec did not show up at the game; but when the boys returned to Andover, it was at once understood why. Every small article of any value had been removed from their rooms. Most of Tom's clothes and many of those of

the other boys had also vanished. Investigation revealed that a trunk had been sent to Boston, the hack-driver saying that it had been delivered to the American Express on the way down, and that as a special favor they had "rushed it" and got it on to the same train which had conveyed them all to the city. Suit-case, trunk, and boy had probably all left Boston on the noon train for New York.

Considering that Alec's stay had been but a matter of three or four days, it must be acknowledged that he had spent his time profitably. The community had been "touched" for something more than five or six hundred dollars, of which Tom had contributed much more than his quota. The whole thing was particularly annoying to Tom, as his pose as a "wise guy" was forever ruined. But it is interesting to notice how the one who had been the most successful in victimizing others had become the greatest victim of them all.

THE VAMP

SEVERAL thousand years ago, at a place not very distant from the position of the home-plate on the old campus, there lay a fallen tree-trunk. Upon it were seated a youth and a maid. Each held in the hand the half-cooked, monstrous drumstick of a ridge-bird, one of the ancient ancestors of our present partridge. But the consumption of food was not the real object of the meeting; no more than it is to-day, when lad and lass foregather at the soda-water fountain. The youth had just returned from a long hunting trip, and had returned happy; for he had at last placed himself among the great men of the tribe. Alone he had killed a mighty mastodon. The killing of the monster not only meant that he had accomplished that in the line of hunting for which all men strove, but also that now he would be able to drag to the door of the chief's den the tusks which had forever been the price of a chief's daughter's hand. It was to the

daughter, Goo, that he was now telling his story of the hunt and the still more arduous return to the camp, dragging the enormous tusks behind him.

As Goo had listened to the tale her face had expressed various emotions. At first she had shown displeasure rather than interest. But when Chib had explained that the gift to the chief had not as yet been made, and that the price of her hand was still hidden in the swamp a good mile from where they were, a look of cunning appeared and she edged a little nearer to Chib's end of the log. But not too near. The place of hiding must be learned before they might eat from each other's drumstick.

“Just where is it hidden, Chib?”

“Um,” was the only answer.

Then she tried an enticing wiggling of her toes and sundry glances shot at him over the leafy branch with which she had been fanning the flies away: apparently without effect.

“Chib: Chib, dear.”

“Chib me no Chibs,” replied the owner of

the name. "Why do you want to know where they are hidden?"

"Why, Chib; I thought that maybe we could go to-night together, and I could help you bring them in."

"Too far. They are at the foot of yonder pine," replied he of the simple mind, as he pointed to a towering tree on the shore of the distant Shawsheen.

"That *is* too far. Then you won't get them till to-morrow, will you?"

"Not till late to-morrow. To-night I must sleep. I have slept but little for the past ten days."

"Then I must n't keep you up. Good-night, Chib"; and she had slipped away before he could recover from his surprise at her interpretation of his remark.

The next day Chib was awakened by the noise in the camp. Some celebration was evidently afoot. Thinking that the news of his success might have become known, he hastened to the home of the chief, as that was the place from which the noise seemed to come.

The celebration was there. It was to announce the fact that Ar, hitherto of unknown worth, had presented the chief with a pair of mastodon tusks, and had just taken Goo to his own hut.

Chib was never able to find his tusks at the foot of the giant pine.

You say that this never happened; and if it did happen, I, old as I am, am not old enough to have been there and to have known of it. Very well. Listen to this, which I know *did* happen. To be sure, I did not see it all; but my niece, Ellen Adams, told me of those things which are concealed from the male vision.

It is a number of years since I have attended the Senior Prom.; but Ellen goes to all of them. She always knows a lot of the boys in the school, and as she is fair to look upon, still better to dance with, and unsurpassed to talk with, her card is always well filled and she has a good time. I take care of her while she is not at the dance and get some female dragon to

do it while she is there. There is always some boy who is glad to convey her from one guardian to the other.

Two years ago I happened to be compelled to go to Boston on the day of the prom, and so arranged to meet Ellen and bring her out to Andover with me. I confess that I conveyed the impression to her that the sole object of my trip to the city had been to have the pleasure of paying her this attention. I have found that it always pays to give the impression of extreme devotion even if the lady in the case is your own niece. So we caught the 5.14 comfortably and were deeply immersed in the exchange of relative (in both senses) news when the relations were brought to an end by an exclamation of "Why, Ellen!" This gave rise to a counter-exclamation of "Why, Madeline!" and then occurred one of those remarkable interchanges of exclamations and explanations which to the male are impossible.

"... the prom.?"

"Did n't know you knew anybody there."

“Why, of course you did! Don’t you remember Mr. Blundell and Mr. Riley who were at the Belgrade last summer?”

“Oh, yes. Mr. Blundell was the man who golfed and danced so well. I did n’t know that he was at Andover. But I don’t remember Mr. Riley. Which are you going with?”

“Mr. Riley. Of course you remember him. He was there all summer.”

“No, I don’t. The only Riley I remember is Charlie Riley, the head bell-boy.”

“Oh, he was only that for a little while. He just did it to help out because it was so hard to get anybody. Yes, he wrote and asked me to go, and as I wanted to go awfully, I said yes. He’s really quite a nice fellow.”

“He’s more than that. He’s a corker! He’s much more of a man than Mr. Blundell will ever be, no matter how well he dances.”

Now, Ellen’s share in the conversation was quite characteristic of her. She is a great speaker of the truth. Indeed, there are times when I wish that she was not quite so outspoken. But in the present case I rather sym-

pathized with her, for I did not like the way in which the fair Madeline was speaking of the gentleman who had done her the honor of inviting her to the dance. I knew Riley, and knew that the superior airs of the young lady would not be justified by comparison.

When we reached Andover, Charlie was at the station and, taking Miss Houghton's suit-case, started for the street, saying that it was only a little way and the weather was so pleasant that he thought that it would be nicer to walk than ride.

"But, Charlie, it must be fully a mile to the hotel. You can't carry that suit-case all that distance!"

"We're not going to the hotel. I did not hear from you till so late that I was unable to get a room there, and so got one on School Street, which is much nearer."

"But I can't walk even that far in these shoes. Can't we get a taxi somehow?"

That was all that Ellen and I heard of the conversation; for Ellen pulled me along, and we started on our way up the hill, *without a*

taxi. She had expressed her own luggage through the day before.

At this point I feel compelled to state that this is the only time that I ever saw Miss Houghton. For all that follows I have but the authority of my niece. Part of it was related to me at luncheon (I seldom have the pleasure of breakfasting with my niece) on the day following the events and part of it in a hurried note which I received on the day after that. But as I have said, Ellen is a most truthful young person, and in a case like this I am rather more inclined to believe her than to believe my own eyes. Eyes are not the only means of accumulating a knowledge of social matters.

Ellen was unusually reticent in regard to the dance. She, of course, told me what a lovely time she had had, and how much she thanked me for having her come, and how she wished that I had been there so that she could have danced with me. There are times when manners do get the better of the truth, even in Ellen's conversations. When I re-

called what had happened to her gown upon the last occasion when I had danced with her, I felt sure that this was one of them. I suggested as much. But she assured me that I was a lamb, anyway. I bleated, and the conversation in regard to the prom was resumed.

“Madeline Houghton is a pig.”

It is hardly necessary for me to say that it was my niece who did the resuming.

“Of just what young man did she deprive you?” was my rejoinder.

“Uncle Jim, you are a — dear; but there are things concerning which you are profoundly ignorant.”

“Yes, my dear; kindly instruct me.”

“The way she treated Charlie was just horrid. She knows that he has n’t oodles of money, and she just made him do everything for her. She was awful! You know we girls are not supposed to wear flowers; they make it so much more expensive for the boys. Well, she just hinted and hinted till he had to get her some. Said that her dress required them, and that she had n’t brought any jewelry to take

their place. Then she worked those old, high-heeled shoes of hers again, so that he had to get her a taxi; and those taxi-men charge for their old cars as though they were running them all the time that we are dancing. She *is* a pig!"

"But don't you think it might do to say that she was a little thoughtless, perhaps a little selfish, rather than to class her with the omnivora?"

"No, I don't. That is n't the worst that she did. She hardly danced with Charlie at all. And I found out how she came as Charlie's guest, too. She tried her best to get that Blundell man to ask her, and he would n't. So she kept hinting around in letters to Charlie; made him think that she thought that he was stingy, and all that kind of thing. He just had to ask her. That is why she was so late in telling him she would come. She was just hoping to land Blundell, and when she found that he was n't going to, she accepted Charlie's invitation."

"My dear, would you mind continuing

your instruction of the ignorant and telling me just how you acquired all this information? Did you hold them up with a gun, or how came they to give these precious jewels of knowledge into your possession?"

"Oh, I danced a lot with Charlie, though *he* did n't tell me much. And I danced once with Mr. Blundell. He can dance! But I got the most of it from Madeline, herself. She thought she had been rather smart in working poor Charlie and was quite braggy about it. I let her brag, for I wanted to find out just how much of a cat — I mean a pig — she was. She is a pig!"

"With whom did she dance if she did n't dance with Charlie? I should have thought that he would have seen to it that his name occupied a goodly number of spaces on her card."

"Oh, she danced with Mr. Blundell most of the time. She just scratched Charlie's name off and wrote in his; and when she was dancing with Charlie, he would butt in and claim half of the dance."

I was able to straighten out the pronouns and apply them to the proper persons. I am used to Ellen's style.

“But she was the worst at the ‘eats.’” (My niece has modified, if not enriched, her vocabulary by her various visits to Andover.) “She went with him and did not go near Charlie for several dances before and after. I know, because I was with him a good deal of the time myself. I don’t know who took *his*” (I was again able to supply the pronoun) “girl out. They must have been mooning around outside, for nobody saw either of them for nearly an hour. Mrs. Foot (that’s where she’s staying) did n’t like to say anything to her about it when they came in. No use, anyway. It was all over. But Charlie was just sweet about it all. He behaved as though everything which she did was just right. *He’s a gentleman!*”

“Well, is n’t it just as well, then, that things are as they are? If she is a pig and he is a gentleman, is n’t it just as well that they should not have been too much together?

Considered from a matrimonial point of view, it would not be a good alliance."

"No, it is n't. It is n't well for pigs to be piggy to a gentleman at any time, and especially when the gentleman has invited the pig to a dance. And you know it just as well as I do. But you're a dear, just the same."

That was an argument for which I had no rebuttal.

The next day my niece went back to her home; and the day following that I had a note from her. It ran:

DEAR UNCLE JIM:

I was right. She's worse than a pig. (I often find these little fallacies in Ellen's arguments.) She went in on the train with me yesterday. She says she's engaged to Mr. Blundell and seemed quite proud of the fact that Charlie had been made to pay the bills. If you have a chance, tell Charlie that I say he has n't lost much. I'm ashamed of you. With all your science, you can't tell a pig when you see one! Oceans of love!

ELLEN

As I learned later, Charlie was quite content to leave the matter as it was. His invitation to the Vamp had been more a matter of pride than anything else. He felt that though he was poor, he was not going to have it rubbed in by a girl.

Well, he "learned about woman from her."

But now going back to the story of Chib and Goo.

It must have happened.

THE END

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

